

THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A Journal of Art, Science and Literature,

AND RECORD OF UNIVERSITY, ECCLESIASTICAL, EDUCATIONAL, SOCIAL, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

No. 87 (2247).—VOL. IV. NEW SERIES.] LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1860.

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The year is divided into Three Terms; namely, Lent, Easter, and Michaelmas. Lent Term begins January 21st, and ends April 20th. Easter Term begins April 21st, and ends July 31st. Michaelmas Term begins October 1st, and ends December 31st.

The Vacations are from the end of July to the 20th of September; from the 21st of December to the 21st of January; and from the day before Good Friday to the end of Easter week.

Fees to be paid each Term in advance, and notice of one Term to be given previously to removal. No reduction made for occasional absence. References exchanged.

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The following LECTURES will be delivered during the present (Lent) Term, 1860:—

February 14th.
The Rev. Prof. CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S.—Theories of Light and Colours, with Experiments.

February 21st.
W. T. LIPP, Esq., M.D., The Book of Nature—The Seasons—what they show, and what they teach.

February 28th.
The Rev. Prof. CHRISTMAS, M.A., F.R.S.—Theories of Combustion, with Experiments.

March 13th.
FRED. ARNOLD, Esq., Ch. Ch., Oxon.—Charles V. and his Time.

March 27th.
The Rev. H. C. HEILBRUNN, M.A.—The Tendencies of Modern Literature.

The Lectures will commence precisely at Eight P.M.

CAVENDISH SOCIETY.—The Thirteenth Anniversary Meeting of this Society will be held on Thursday the 1st of March, at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, in the Rooms of the Chemical Society, Burlington House. The thirteenth volume of GALEY'S HAND-BOOK OF CHEMISTRY is now ready for distribution to the Members, and may be obtained of the Society's Agent, Mr. Harrison, 59, Pall Mall.

T. REDWOOD, Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, Pall Mall.—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS OF BRITISH ARTISTS, is open daily from Ten till Five. Admission 1s. Catalogue 6d.

GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

SOCIETY OF ARTS EXHIBITION OF INVENTIONS.—The Twelfth Annual Exhibition of recent Inventions will be opened at the House of the Society of Arts, John Street, Adelphi, London, on Monday the 9th of April, 1860.

The days for receiving articles (which must be forwarded to the Society's House carriage paid) are Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, the 22nd, 23rd, and 24th of March, but no article can be received unless space has been previously allotted, for which application should be made to the Secretary without delay. No charge is made for space.

By Order.

P. LE NEVE FOSTER, Secretary.
Society House, John Street, Adelphi, W.C.
February, 1860.

PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.—

The Seventh Annual Exhibition of the Photographic Society of London is now open Daily, at the Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East, also in the Evening from 7 to 10, except on Saturdays.

DR. EDWARD PICK, (late Lecturer in the Universities of Vienna, Leipzig, Heidelberg, and Paris.) will deliver in aid of the funds of THE LADIES SANITARY ASSOCIATION, his first public Lecture in London, upon his new and natural method of Strengthening the Mental Faculties and facilitating the acquisition of Knowledge, on Wednesday, February 22, at Three o'clock, at St. Kensington Palace Gardens, W., the residence of RUSSELL GUNNAY, Esq.

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TO THE PROVINCIAL PRESS. A YOUNG LITERARY GENTLEMAN, one of the staff of a FIRST-CLASS Metropolitan Journal, would be happy to furnish Reviews, or a weekly letter touching on matters political (if necessary), literary, dramatic, musical, and general metropolitan talk, on the usual terms.

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all the chief Literary productions of the week

will be so far noticed as to guide those who may

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not intended that these slight Notices shall pre-

clude subsequent and longer Reviews. All im-

portant Ecclesiastical information will be laid

from time to time before the reader.

Arrangements have been made with Cor-

respondents in Paris, Madrid, and Vienna; and

nothing of interest in the Literary and Artistic

circles in those cities will remain without notice.

From the first week in January, 1860, the

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1. Literature and Life.
2. Russia and the West of Europe.
3. Indian Finance.
4. Christmas Pieces.
5. The Homeless Poor.
6. Henry Hallam.
7. The "Wanderer."
8. Parliament and the People.
9. Parliamentary Debates.
10. Books on our Table.

No. 2 (APRIL) CONTAINS:—

1. Anglo-Roman and Anglo-Saxon History.
2. Christianity in India.
3. Whigs and Tories.
4. Realistic Novelists: George Eliot and Anthony Trollope.
5. Will on Liberty.
6. Private Life of a Russian Nobleman.
7. Philosophy as an Element of Culture.
8. The Italian Question.
9. The Session.

No. 3 (MAY) CONTAINS:—

1. The late Rev. F. W. Robertson.
2. Women—Neither Nice nor Wise.
3. The Resources of India and its Colonisation.
4. The Philosophy of Fabulous Ages.
5. Michelet on Love.
6. French Dramatists and English Adapters.
7. The Last of the Moors.
8. How Shall we Vote?
9. The Session.
10. Books on our Table.

No. 4 (JUNE) CONTAINS:—

1. Man and His Dwelling Place.
2. A Reviewer's Parcel.
3. The Story of Microscopical Discovery.
4. Austrians and Slavonians.
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6. The Royal Academy and the Water-Colour Exhibitions.
7. Popular History.—Knight's History of England.
8. The French in Italy—A National and Traditional Policy.
9. Books on our Table.

No. 5 (JULY) CONTAINS:—

1. Modern Divorce.
2. What Will He Do With It?
3. The Early Days of Charles Fox.
4. The Cornish Drama.
5. Illogical Geology.
6. Out of the Depths.
7. Parties, Natural and Artificial.
8. Louis Napoleon—Prince and Emperor.
9. The Session.

No. 6 (AUGUST) CONTAINS:—

1. Letters and Society in France.
2. Davenport Dunn.
3. Alpine Books and Alpine Travelling.
4. A Batch of New Books.
5. Mr. Gladstone.
6. Idylls of the King.
7. The Musical Season.
8. The Session.

No. 7 (SEPTEMBER) CONTAINS:—

1. The Wants of the Army.
2. Neumann's British Empire in Asia.
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4. A Great Mistake.—Part I.
5. The Secret Literature of Russia.
6. Civilised America.
7. Mr. Cannan and his Times.
8. The Man of Mystery.
9. The Session.

No. 8 (OCTOBER) CONTAINS:—

1. Rifled Arms.
2. Idealistic Novelists.
3. Literature of the Indian Rebellion.
4. American Numismatics.
5. A Great Mistake.—Part II.
6. Municipal Records.
7. Shelley, his Friends and Biographers.
8. Growing our own Silk.

No. 9 (NOVEMBER) CONTAINS:—

1. The Defences of England.
2. Danish Literature—Molbeck's Dante.
3. Touching Sermons and the Makers of Them.
4. A Great Mistake.—Part III.
5. Public Well-Being.
6. Tennent's Ceylon.
7. Manly Sports—Their Use and their Abuse.

No. 10 (DECEMBER) CONTAINS:—

1. Representative Institutions in France.
2. Touching Sermons and the Makers of Them.—Part II.
3. German Rogues and Vagabonds.
4. Literature and Criticism.
5. A Great Mistake.—Part IV.
6. The Virginians.
7. Sir Henry Lawrence.
8. Books Received.

No. 11 (JANUARY, 1860) CONTAINS:—

1. The National Money-Box.—Part I.
2. The Right Hon. George Rose.
3. Mary Anne Schlimmerpennink on the Principles of Beauty.
4. Sir Gerard's Daughter: Unfairly Played and Falsely Won.
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8. Political Reveries.

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IS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

CONTENTS:

1. A FEW WORDS ON JUNIUS AND MACAULAY.
2. WILLIAM HOGARTH: PAINTER, ENGRAVER, AND PHILOSOPHER. Essays on the Man, the Work, and the Time. 2.—*Mr. Gamble's Apprentice.* (With an Illustration.)
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Edited by DAVID MASSON.

No. V., for March, 1860.

CONTENTS.

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- II. THE GREENVILLES: GOVERNMENT BY FAMILIES. By G. S. VENABLE.
- III. ENGLISH ETYMOLOGY. By HERBERT COLEBRIDGE.
- IV. GOETHE AND FREDERICKA.
- V. THE "IDEA" OF NATIONALITY: SAVOY. By J. M. LODGE.
- VI. THE REVIVALS OF 1859. By the Rev. J. L. DAVIES.
- VII. A CHAPTER OF MODERN KNIGHT-ERRANDRY. By PERCY GREY.
- VIII. CLASSICAL MUSIC AND BRITISH MUSICAL TASTE.
- IX. MY CHILD-PASSENGER. By ROBERT PATON.
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- IV. A STORY OF TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.
- V. LEARNING ON THE TRAMP.
- VI. FOOTSTEPS. By FREDERICK ENOCH.
- VII. BLUE AND YELLOW; OR, HOW MY BROTHER FITZSTOD FOR CANTIBOROUGH. By OUIDA. In Five Chapters.
- VIII. A VACATION TOUR IN SPAIN.
- IX. THE STORY OF FRANCESCO NOVELLO DA CARRARA. Part V.
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- III. ISAAC TAYLOR.
- IV. DE BURGH ON THE PSALMS.
- V. SOCIAL ASPECTS OF OXFORD.
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REVIEWS.

The Life of Schleiermacher, as unfolded in his Autobiography and Letters. Translated from the German by Frederica Rowan. In 2 vols. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

It is far from improbable that comparatively few of our readers are aware of, or fully appreciate, the extraordinary veneration with which the memory of Schleiermacher is regarded in Germany. Celebrated alike as a scholar, a speculative theologian, and a moral philosopher, the chief source of his distinction lay, nevertheless, in none of these three qualifications. It was his sermons and public discourses which, more than any of his more durable achievements, won for him the affectionate and enthusiastic admiration of especially the younger portion of his countrymen. He was, in fact, in the best sense of the term, the most popular preacher that Germany has ever known. A reputation, however, based principally upon such grounds as these must of necessity be somewhat ephemeral in duration, and limited in extent. It is only within the limits of its own country and its own time that it can shine with full and undimmed lustre. We know Schleiermacher chiefly as the translator of Plato, and as an acute and unsparing critic of the different philosophical systems of his day; and it is on his written remains that his reputation will doubtless rest, in the estimation of future generations even of his own countrymen. That his fame will suffer some diminution when estimated on these grounds, is, we think, a far from improbable contingency; for we have the concurrent testimony of all his contemporaries that his speaking was incomparably superior to his writing. Wilhelm von Humboldt, in his well-known "Letters to a Female Friend," bears distinct evidence on this point, and endeavours to trace the cause to which Schleiermacher's extraordinary success as a preacher was owing. "Those," he says, "who may have read his numerous writings ever so diligently, but who have never heard him speak, must nevertheless remain unacquainted with the most rare power and the most remarkable qualities of the man. His strength lay in the deeply penetrative character of his words, when preaching, or when engaged in any other of his ecclesiastical functions. It would be wrong to call it rhetoric, for it was so entirely free from art. It was the persuasive, penetrative, kindling effusion of a feeling, which seemed not so much to be enlightened by one of the rarest intellects, as to move side by side with it in perfect union." But whatever may be our opinion respecting the permanence of Schleiermacher's reputation, it is certain that sufficient time has not yet elapsed since his death to diminish it, in Germany at least, to any appreciable degree; and it can be no matter of surprise that his own countrymen should welcome with eager enthusiasm the opportunity of gaining that further insight into his inner life and feelings which is likely to be afforded by the publication of his autobiography and confidential correspondence. Nor do we think that the translator has made any miscalculation in coming to the conclusion that the work will not be without interest to the English public. Few literary productions command a more steady or certain amount of attention in this country than the biographies of distinguished divines; and it may fairly be

presumed that there will be no jealous or exclusive limitation of this favour to the indigenous productions of our own land.

As the majority of our readers are not likely to be perfectly familiar with the details of Schleiermacher's career, it may be as well to give, in the first place, a brief outline of the principal events of his life, allusions to which are plentifully scattered throughout the work before us. Friederich Ernst Schleiermacher was born on Nov. 21, 1768, at Breslau, where his father then resided as chaplain of the Reformed, or Calvinistic, Church to a regiment in Silesia. While he was yet very young his parents left Breslau for Pless in Upper Silesia, whence, a year later, they removed to the colony of Anhalt. Up to his fourteenth year his education had been carried on partly at home, principally by his mother, and partly at a boarding-school in Pless; but at this period he was sent, with his younger brother, to the educational establishment of the Moravian United Brethren at Niesky, in Upper Lusatia, where, and at their more advanced seminary of Barby, he remained some five or six years. During this time he thought very deeply on various points of doctrinal religion, and finally arrived at the conclusion that he was utterly unable to accept some of the most important and characteristic tenets of the Moravian sect; and consequently he applied for, and with considerable difficulty obtained, permission from his father to quit their establishment and carry on his studies at the University of Halle. Here he remained for two years; and then, by the intervention of the Rev. Mr. Sack, chaplain in ordinary to the king, obtained a situation as tutor in the family of Count Dohna, of Schlobitten, in the province of Prussia. After holding this position for three years, during which time he laid the foundations of life-long friendships with some members of the family, he resigned it in consequence of a difference of opinion on educational matters between the Count and himself; and spent the next two years partly as teacher in an orphan asylum, partly as curate to an aged relative of his own at Landsberg. In 1796 he was appointed chaplain to the establishment of the *Charité* in Berlin, where he remained till 1802, when he was removed to Stolpe, as court preacher; and he left the latter place in 1804, on receiving the appointment of extraordinary professor of theology in, and preacher to, the University of Halle. The stormy times which immediately followed led to the dissolution of this University in 1806; and Schleiermacher then removed to Berlin, where he lived permanently till his death in 1834. In 1809 he married the young widow of one of his most intimate friends. During the latter portion of his life he was a professor in the newly-established University of Berlin, and minister of the church of the Holy Trinity; and also participated in the administration of the state as member of the Poor Law Directory, and in other public offices.

The materials from which the above brief sketch is compiled are, as is indicated by the title of the work before us, Schleiermacher's autobiography, and selection from his correspondence with his family and friends. The autobiography is very short and incomplete, extending only to his removal to Landsberg in 1794: it was, in fact, drawn up for the ecclesiastical authorities on the occasion of his ordination, which immediately preceded his appointment as assistant preacher in that place. The letters are subdivided into four sections, the first of which is terminated by his ordination and his father's death, the second by his appointment to Halle, the third by his marriage,

and the fourth by his death. As might be expected, the second and third of these periods are by far the most fully and completely represented. The first section is, however, peculiarly interesting, as containing an account of the mental conflict which resulted in his abandonment of the peculiar tenets in which he was educated, and of the manner in which his doubts were received by his father. During the long period which intervened between his marriage and his death, he had, in gaining a wife, lost one of his most assiduous correspondents, and he was, moreover, so constantly occupied as to be unable to write so frequently as heretofore to his numerous friends; and, in fact, the last section of his correspondence consists almost exclusively of letters that passed between himself and his wife, written during brief occasional periods of separation from her. These letters, though occupied far more than those of any of the preceding sections by outward details of domestic life, are interesting as serving to give the finishing touches to the complete portraiture of the man which is exhibited so vividly in the whole mass of his correspondence.

The prevailing impression which the perusal of Schleiermacher's letters leaves upon the mind, undoubtedly is, that his distinguishing characteristic was a singular capacity for contracting friendships. There probably never was a man who had so prodigious a number of intimate friends. It was absolutely impossible for him to live alone. "I stretch forth," he says, "all my roots and leaves in search of affection; it is necessary for me to feel myself in immediate contact with it; and when I am unable to drink in full draughts of it, I at once dry up and wither. Such is my nature, there is no remedy for it; and if there were, I should not wish to employ it." As to the cause of this peculiarity, he seems himself to be inclined to attribute it, at least in some degree, to a deficiency in strong instinctive love for his own immediate relations; for it is a theory of his which, in his opinion, all his experience tends to prove, that where the family feeling exists in a high degree, a more elevated love is very rarely developed subsequently, but only a feeling of good will without any special character. This theory is, if true, very consolatory to that somewhat numerous class of individuals who are painfully conscious that their filial and fraternal affection does not quite come up to the very elevated standard presented to them in "Heartsease," and novels of that stamp; but whatever may be its general value, we are inclined to doubt whether Schleiermacher is fully justified in appealing to his own case as a signal instance of its truth. We cannot detect in any part of his correspondence any signs of his having been deficient in family affection. His letters to his sister, which form no inconsiderable proportion of these volumes, are full of evidence of the tenderest and most devoted affection. Nor do his letters to his father, even at the time when the latter was bitterly reproaching "his insensate son" for his religious doubts, show that he ever failed for a moment in regarding him with feelings of the deepest love and veneration. But whatever the cause may have been, there can be no manner of doubt as to the result. Schleiermacher was constantly meeting with men towards whom he felt himself irresistibly drawn, until, at the fitting moment, they fell into one another's arms, and recognized the unalterable necessity of having no secrets from each other for ever more. He describes himself as being "by the grace of God, a virtuoso in friendship." As might be expected, he numbered among his friends some of the

most celebrated men of his time. Among them we may mention Steffens, who was one of his colleagues at Halle, and the younger Schlegel, whose ability was, in Schleiermacher's opinion, greater than that of his elder brother. His friendship with Schlegel, though very intense at first, was less permanent than the generality of his attachments; a result which, as Mrs. Rowan observes, was probably owing not less to inward divergencies than to outward circumstances. But even while it lasted Schleiermacher was far from being blind to his friend's faults. It is not often that a man can recognise in one of his most intimate friends such qualities as "a rude and violent manner, traits which shock and render him disagreeable in general society, a levity of conduct which frequently borders on dishonesty, and other defects which spring from the pride and arrogance of his heart;" nor that, when fully recognised, he can set them down as "only outward appearances." If Schleiermacher were justified in accepting this view of Schlegel's character, we are glad to find that the friendship between them was based upon the fact of each being the complement, rather than the counterpart, of the other.

But though Schleiermacher was unusually fortunate both in the quantity and quality of his friendships with individuals of his own sex, it was towards women that he felt himself especially attracted, and with them that he formed his closest and most intimate friendships. The tendency to attach himself to women, rather than to men, was, he says, deeply rooted in his nature; for there was so much in his soul that men could seldom understand. This idiosyncrasy, which was developed in him to a truly remarkable degree, led to some of the most curious episodes in his life. It was during the period of his earlier residence in Berlin that he first found the opportunity of giving full scope to his tendency in this direction. At that time the celebrated Henrietta Herz was one of the principal leaders of the literary and scientific world of the Prussian capital. She was the daughter of a Jewish physician, by name Lemos, and had been married in her fifteenth year to Dr. Marcus Herz, a gentleman of the same profession and the same religious persuasion as her father. She was eminently distinguished both for personal beauty and for intellectual power; and though, at the time of their marriage, her husband was more than twice her age, the union proved a singularly happy one. Schleiermacher made her acquaintance very soon after his arrival in Berlin, and there immediately sprung up between them a friendship of the most intimate and lasting nature. At her house he met with other Jewesses, only inferior to the hostess in mental and personal attractions, who were, as a natural consequence, forthwith elevated to proportionately high places in his regard. These peculiarly intimate relations with persons of the opposite sex, and of a religious persuasion so very different to his own, were the cause of great anxiety to several of his older friends, especially to his sister, and to Mr. Sack, his earliest patron; both of whom remonstrated with him on the subject. Neither remonstrance, however, had the smallest effect upon Schleiermacher's irresistible tendency; in his reply to his sister, which is a very singular specimen of special pleading, he acknowledges that he has placed himself in what, generally speaking, may be called a dangerous position; but maintains that it is less dangerous to him, because of the manner in which he occupies it; and he continues to write to and associate with his "dear incomparable Jette," as intimately and

as constantly as ever. It was about the same time that he formed another attachment, which, though of a far more dangerous nature, does not seem, as far as we can judge from the letters contained in these volumes, to have excited in the minds of any of his friends anxiety at all equal to that which was caused by his intimacy with Mrs. Herz. Its object was Eleanore Grunow, the wife of a clergyman of Berlin. Her union, unlike that of Mrs. Herz, was not a happy one. Schleiermacher's views respecting uncongenial marriages were, considering her position, somewhat peculiar. Any union which did not come up to the exalted standard of a true marriage which he had fixed in his own mind, was, in his opinion, an immoral connection; and he regarded the dissolution of all such false marriages not only as advisable and expedient, but also as a moral duty, provided only that it were done without any infringement of established social laws. Holding these views, he did not scruple to encourage Mrs. Grunow to obtain a separation from her husband, and engaged himself to marry her as soon as she should have recovered her freedom. It was apparently with a view of removing himself from the immediate danger of this *liaison*, that he accepted the appointment of court-preacher at Stolpe in 1802. From this place he kept up a constant and tender correspondence with his *fiancée*; in which, however, as Mrs. Rowan particularly informs us, he practised the continual self-denial of abstaining from the use of the familiar *du*, which he employed freely in his letters to Mrs. Herz. Mrs. Grunow appears to have been, fortunately or unfortunately, of a somewhat vacillating disposition, and to have been less firmly convinced than Schleiermacher himself of the absolute correctness of his views on the question of marriage: for, after a long struggle and many hesitations, which Schleiermacher regarded as so many proofs of weakness, she finally renounced him in 1805; and from that time all communication between them entirely ceased. Schleiermacher announces this melancholy event in a confidential letter to Mrs. Herz, in which a vivid description of his own miserable condition is curiously interspersed with anticipations of the remorse which, sooner or later, the unhappy Eleanore must experience for having given way to this unworthy weakness. About four years after this, Schleiermacher married Henriette von Willich, the widow of one of his most intimate friends, with whom, during her husband's lifetime, he had been upon the most affectionate and paternal terms. During their courtship, he sent her all poor Eleanore's letters to read; a proceeding which irresistibly recalls to the mind a certain well-known drawing by Gavarni, illustrative of student life in Paris, and entitled *Les lettres de l'ancienne*. Schleiermacher's married life was a very happy one, and we gather that he did not permanently regret the forced termination of his attachment to Eleanore Grunow; for we are told that, on his accidentally meeting her at a large party ten years after his marriage, he went up to her and held out his hand, with the touching observation, "Dear Eleanore, God has dealt very kindly with us both."

The foregoing practical illustration of Schleiermacher's views on the subject of marriage is not unlikely to excite a feeling of prejudice against him in the minds of many of our readers. We must not forget, however, in forming an opinion on this matter, that these views were strictly in accordance with the tone of the best and most educated society in Germany at the time in which he lived. The state of society in which Goethe's *Wahlverwandtschaft* could

be received with enthusiastic welcome and admiration, must of necessity have been very different from that which prevails amongst us at the present day. There is abundant evidence that Schleiermacher was by no means singular in holding and acting upon these opinions. His friend, Friedrich von Schlegel, contracted an attachment with Dorothea Veit, an accomplished Jewish lady, daughter of Moses Mendelssohn, and wife of the banker Veit, by whom she had two children. Mrs. Veit could not succeed in entertaining for her husband any feeling more elevated than a sincere esteem; and her friends, "who witnessed with pain the mental and moral prostration which was the result of this ill-assorted marriage," urged her to procure a divorce—a suggestion to which, out of consideration for her father's feelings, she had hitherto refused to listen. Now, however, under the influence of her affection for Schlegel, she proceeded to act upon their advice. Poor Veit, who, "content with the undisturbed friendliness of the relations that had ever existed between himself and his wife, had never suspected that what was happiness to him was misery to her," was utterly taken aback, and at first refused his consent: but Henrietta Herz nobly undertook to bring him to a more correct sense of his duty under such circumstances, when he "at once yielded, and acted with a delicacy and generosity truly touching." Which, being interpreted, signifies that he ultimately left both his children to the care of his ex-wife, and contributed largely to her support after her marriage with Schlegel. Mr. Veit's conduct is, to our mind, to a greater degree even than that of his wife, a striking evidence of the state of public feeling on these matters which prevailed in Prussia at that time.

Schleiermacher's great facility in forming intimate attachments with women is not, we think, at all a matter for surprise. He was, eminently, a loveable man. There is something very charming in the tender and eloquent affection of his letters to Henriette von Willich, during the period immediately preceding his marriage. The ready sympathy and affection of a man whose great intellectual superiority is universally acknowledged, is a bait which few women, clever women especially, are able to resist. Schleiermacher's knowledge of women was very considerable. The following passage is not, perhaps, in this respect the most striking or conclusive that might have been selected; but it shows, we think, no small insight into the nature of the peculiar feminine propensity of which it treats:

"What do you understand by coquetry? Shall we refer to Socrates teaching an Athenian Hetera the art of catching men? Something of the kind there is, indeed, in all coquetry, but it makes a great difference, whether it be practised as a liberal art or as a mere trade, that is, whether it be the whole man or only his senses that are to be taken captive. According to my views, it is the latter kind of coquetry only which is properly blameworthy, and the more so when it not only uses sensuous attractions to captivate the senses, but also makes use of mind and intellect as means of conquest, although the real triumph sought is that of sensuousness. The purpose and the conscious endeavour to attract men, lie deep in woman's nature, and belong to it (in girls it is more wish and instinct, in married women will and set purpose) not as a defect, but as one of its necessary and essential attributes. For it is only in this way that women avoid the degradation, to which Fichte condemns them, of being inactive throughout the whole process of love, from the very commencement. But it is not only in love, but also in friendship, that you avail yourselves of coquetry,

because even friendship you are not, in your actual condition, allowed to offer openly; for which reason this to me so well-known phenomenon in no way interferes with my views of the difference between love and friendship. Nor does it confuse me that the coquetry of friendship and of love differ little from each other. Both necessarily have their origin in the difference of sex; but a clear though tacit understanding must be come to regarding the limits to be observed in their feelings towards each other, before the connection between a man and a woman can develop itself into one of friendship"

He employs, too, a certain tone of pleasant and complimentary gallantry in writing to and of women, which, doubtless, was not without its effect. Thus we find him charging his sister to inform a certain friend of hers, to whom he has given the delightful name of *La Charmante*, that "he forms a very vivid image to himself of how she will cast down her eyes, and her divine eyelashes, which have not their equals in the world, when you tell her this." Again, he compares his sister's letters to a telescope, by means of which he makes discoveries among the "lovely constellations" by which she is surrounded; and proceeds to speak of one "bright particular star" in the following terms:—"Why will Z— insist that she is eclipsed? I can see nothing of the kind, and if her light shines sometimes with a silvery dimness only, that arises more frequently from the opaqueness of our atmosphere than from any defect in her. Her atmosphere is so pure, her expressions are woven together of such subtle fragrance, that it is not, indeed, every one who is gazing after stars that can discern it. And yet, no doubt, when she appears in the circle of her sister stars, each one rejoices at her sympathetic presence, and many a one wishes to be a planet ever to accompany her along her orbit." Z— must have been either more or less than woman, if she was not pleased to hear a very clever man talk about her so prettily.

The great length at which we have dwelt upon the most characteristic feature of Schleiermacher's character, has left us but little space to notice any other points of interest which may be found in his letters. We have not, however, been thereby guilty of omitting anything of serious importance. Schleiermacher very rarely alludes in his letters to any subjects of public or scientific interest; or, indeed, to anything which is not immediately connected with the objects of his own individual study or sympathy. His correspondence, like that of most of our English divines whose biography has been given to the world, is eminently introspective; but his introspection, unlike theirs, is into his emotional and intellectual, rather than his religious, experiences. We find in them numerous details, of more or less interest, respecting the progress of his translation of Plato, and of his other literary labours. We also meet with occasional flashes of criticism on the writings of the celebrated philosophers of modern Germany, whose works he was compelled to make the object of especial study in the course of his preparation for his "Critical Inquiry into all existing Systems of Ethics." These critical remarks are often very tersely and vigorously expressed, and are generally by no means of a flattering description. Thus we find that, after he has found out "exactly what poor creatures the Stoics were," he describes himself as "suffering more especially from Kant, who becomes more troublesome the longer I occupy myself with him;" and looks forward to the time when, having happily got through him, he shall come to Fichte and Spi-

noza, which he anticipates will be quite a recreation. But when he does at last commence Fichte's "System of Ethics," he finds that, "like a hedgehog, it sticks out its bristles in all directions, and very cleverly covers all its own weak points;" and complains that it is "a fatiguing manœuvre to admire and despise a man in the same breath." Especially amusing is his comment on Fichte's open declaration that he did not intend to read the "Critical Inquiry," when it at last came out; a resolution which, he says, "is quite in accordance with his system, for he always believes he knows in advance what others say, and does not think much of it." Schleiermacher's opinion of Fichte's ethical system, if not much more favourable than this, appears at any rate to have been formed upon better grounds.

One word, in conclusion, as to the manner in which the translator has done her share of the work. Of this we are glad to be able to speak in terms of high and well-merited praise. She has, generally, succeeded in rendering the letters into very easy and pleasant English, and has produced a more readable book than translations from the German not uncommonly are. The brief biographical notices with which she prefaces each section of the correspondence, are very much to the point; and, without being at all cumbersome, tell us exactly what it is necessary to know, for the proper understanding of the letters. She deserves the thanks of the English reader, for having placed within his reach a very complete and interesting memorial of one who, though our estimate of him may not be so high as that formed by his countrymen and contemporaries, was unquestionably a very able and remarkable man.

Our Home Islands: their Public Works. By the Rev. Thomas Milner, M.A., F.R.G.S. (The Religious Tract Society.)

IN the great public works of a nation, as in its literature, the character of its people, both past and present, is faithfully reflected.

In the Great Pyramid, and in the ponderous remains of the pillared hall of the palace of Carnac, we see evidences of ancient grandeur and majesty which Egypt would in vain attempt to rival now; nor will Greece ever again approach so near perfection as the splendid ruins of her temples and other exquisite works of art tell us she once did; and Rome will never build another Coliseum. These are tokens of greatness which has long since departed, but they help us to understand and appreciate the character of the nations which, when the inhabitants of "our home islands" were tattooing themselves, and living on whatever they could catch in the way of fish and wild flesh, had reached the highest point of human grandeur.

Mr. Milner's work shows us that since that time—the time when the men of these islands ate raw meat, and the ladies painted themselves blue—the face of the country has been completely changed, so changed, indeed, that even our immediate forefathers would be unable to recognise their native land. What with the "embankments and great drainage operations, the roads, canals, railways, the electric telegraph, the tunnels, bridges, viaducts, aqueducts, harbours, docks, breakwaters, lighthouses, crystal palaces, Great Easterns, and the naval and military arsenals," which now cover the face and surround the coasts of this country, we doubt whether the Romans would know the outlying province which they came to, saw, and conquered, eighteen hundred years ago.

Few of our readers can appreciate their vast extent or the stupendous amount of labour and expenditure which the public works of "our home islands" represent. A thousand years ago

"Alfred retired in his misfortunes to the isle of Athelney, in the heart of Somersetshire; a spot of difficult access, being surrounded with marshes, or completely insulated by the flood-waters of the Tame and Parret. Canute approached the walls of Ely minster in a vessel, attracted by the chanting of the monks, where at present a firm and strong railroad is laid, over dry, well-cultivated, and flourishing fields. His father, Sweyne, in one of his piratical expeditions, came up to London, and after burning Southwark, took his vessels up the river Fleet, and cast anchor at King's Cross, now the site of the Great Northern Railway station."

Since then, tens of thousands of acres of land have been reclaimed by British labour and capital from the sea, and the inland fens and marshes; and that which was anciently so much waste mud and dirt is now very valuable property. Even so recently as

"Twenty years ago, the greater portion of the ship-building yard formed by Mr. Mare at Blackwall, where from four to five thousand persons have been busily employed, was a swamp overflowed by every spring-tide. By skill, industry, and capital, the ground was slowly and surely reclaimed; and a small establishment grew into one of vast dimensions. Old Father Thames made vigorous sorties to recover his property, but was at last effectually repulsed; and great ships, like the Himalaya, have been built in his lost domain."

But nothing would more startle our fathers and grandfathers, if they could but come and spend a week with us, than to find their children flying over the face of the country at the furious rate of sixty miles an hour, and sending messages (which in their day would have taken several days) from one end of it to the other in a few seconds.

What they would say to the fact that we had sent a message to America along the bottom of the Atlantic, and received an answer by the same road on the same morning, we can hardly conjecture.

But the great works of the ancients of which we have evidence, and the fabled labours of Hercules of which we have no evidence (except that of the poets), are all put in the shade when compared with the gigantic works which have been executed in connection with the Railways of modern times.

We should be glad, if space permitted, to give several extracts from that part of Mr. Milner's book which treats of our Railway works; but we must be content with the following, which will give our readers some idea of the magnificent results achieved by English wealth, skill, and energy:

"After making the necessary allowances for the foundations, galleries, &c., and reducing the whole to one uniform denomination, it will be found, that the labour expended on the Great Pyramid was equivalent to lifting 15,733,000,000 cubic feet of stone one foot high. This labour was performed, according to Diodorus Siculus, by 300,000 men: according to Herodotus, by 100,000 men; and it required for its execution twenty years. If we reduce in the same manner to one common denomination the labour expended in constructing the London and Birmingham Railway, the result is 25,000,000,000 cubic feet of material (reduced to the same weight as that used in constructing the pyramid) lifted one foot high, or 9,267,000,000 cubic feet more than were lifted one foot high in the construction of the pyramid; yet this immense undertaking has been performed by about twenty thousand men in less than five years."

"From the above calculation have been omitted all the tunnelling, culverts, drains, ballasting, and fencing, and all the heavy work at the various stations, and also the labour expended on engines, carriages, waggons, &c.; these are set off against the labour of drawing the materials of the pyramid from the quarries to the spot where they were to be used—a much larger than is necessary.

"Another illustration of the magnitude of the work is taken, by the same writer, from the cost. Turning it into pence, and laying each penny down in a line, so that they all touch one another, he found that the pence would form a continuous band round the globe at the equator. By a third comparison, he showed that the material removed, would, if spread in a causeway, one foot high and one foot broad, go more than three times round the earth in its equatorial regions."

"In 1857, the linear extent of English railways exceeded the ten chief rivers of Europe united; and more than enough of single rails were laid to make a belt of iron around the earth. The tunnels, joined together, would stretch more than seventy miles; the viaducts in the vicinity of the metropolis alone, would reach eleven miles; and the earth-works measured 550,000,000 of cubic yards—a mass of material, which, if piled in a pyramid, would rise two miles and a half high, with a base larger than St. James's Park. Eighty millions of train miles were run annually. The total number of stations amounted to 3,121. Five thousand engines, with 150,000 vehicles, composed the working stock; and 109,660 officers and servants were employed. The engines, in a straight line, would extend from London to Chatham; and the vehicles from London to Aberdeen. Two millions of tons of coals were annually consumed; and in every minute of time, twenty tons of water were flashed into steam by four tons of coal. The coal consumed was almost equal to the whole amount exported to foreign countries, and to one half of the annual consumption of London. Such was the wear and tear, that 20,000 tons of iron were required to be replaced per year; 2,000,000 of sleepers out of 26,000,000 laid down annually perished; and 300,000 trees, equal to 5,000 acres of forest, must be annually felled to make up the loss. In 1853, 111,000,000 of passengers were conveyed, each passenger travelling an average of twelve miles. A curious calculation has been made. Twelve miles by railway are accomplished in half an hour, whereas the old stage-coach required an hour and a half to get through the distance. The aggregate time thus saved for the above number of passengers is equal to *thirty-eight thousand years*. But in 1857, the number of passengers amounted to 139,008,888; and the receipts from all sources were 24,174,616l."

Mr. Milner makes the following observations respecting the Tubular Bridge across the Tamar at Saltash. He has previously been speaking of the Britannia Tubular Bridge:

"A tubular bridge, upon the suspension principle, in some points more extraordinary, has since been thrown across the river Tamar, at Saltash, by Mr. Brunel, for the line of the Cornwall railway. The whole structure consists of nineteen spans or arches. Seventeen of these are wider than the widest arches of Westminster Bridge; and were constructed with comparatively little difficulty, as they merely lead from the hills on either side to the edge of the water. The other two overleap the river, 900 feet wide, resting upon a pier in the centre, the erection of which is the prime feature of the work. There was no natural rock left bare by the ebbing tide, as in the case of the Britannia, to serve as a foundation, while some 70 feet of sea-water, with twenty feet of mud and gravel, lay between the engineer and a firm basis. A coffer-dam for such a depth, and in such a tide-way, was out of the question; but by a most ingenious application of the coffer-dam principle, what seemed an insuperable obstacle was at last overcome. An immense wrought-iron cylinder, 100 feet high, and 37 feet in diameter, weighing

upwards of 300 tons, was made and sunk exactly on the spot whence the masonry was to rise; and the water having been pumped out, the workmen descended to clear away the mud and gravel from the subjacent rock. A noble pile of granite was built within the cylinder up to the level of the water, as a foundation for four ponderous columns of iron, octagon in shape, which form the visible pier. The total length of the structure from end to end is 2,240 feet, very nearly half a mile, and 300 feet longer than the entire stretch of the Britannia-bridge. It was opened by the Prince Consort in May, 1859, and is to be called the Albert Bridge."

We see that in the execution of great mechanical works it requires almost, if not quite, as much genius in providing the means as in the performance of the work itself.

We have no more room for extracts or lengthy remarks. We must refer our readers to Mr. Milner's book for the particulars relating to such noble works as the Britannia Tubular Bridge, one tower of which contains over 20,000 tons of masonry; the great Plymouth Breakwater, which required for its formation 3,369,251 tons of stone; the New Houses of Parliament, and the Victoria Tower, which is the finest in the world, and "presses on its foundation with a weight of 30,000 tons." These, as well as the lighthouses, the museums, the palaces, the gas and water supplies, and the sewerage of the country, all receive their due share of attention in this excellent work, and show results which make England, in many respects, really a land of wonders, and reflect infinite credit on a people who possess such genius, skill, indomitable perseverance and energy, as these great public works indicate.

In conclusion,—there are some books the merits of which are obvious and unmistakable. This is the case with the one now before us. The subjects of which it treats are both important and interesting, and in their treatment the writer has shown rare skill and ability. He has also occasionally interspersed very excellent remarks and reflections suggested by the subject on which he is speaking. In short, he has done his work in a manner which is highly creditable to himself and satisfactory to the reader.

Ishmael; or, a Natural History of Islamism and its Relation to Christianity. By the Rev. Dr. J. Muehleisen Arnold, formerly Church Missionary in Asia and Africa. (Rivingtons.)

ALARMED by the calculation of Bagh, that were the globe divided into thirty equal portions, nineteen of them would fall to the dominion of Paganism, six to Islamism, and five only to Christianity, Dr. M. Arnold comes to the conclusion that we are bound to do more than offer up the usual annual prayer for the enlightenment and conversion of all Turks and Infidels. To do this "something more," as far as he himself is concerned, he has published a learned volume, bristling with Greek, and plentifully furnished with Hebrew quotations, with a view "to cherish, if possible, the missionary spirit which has been called forth by recent events, and to place some of the leading truths of Christianity antithetically to the falsities and perversions of the Koran, so as to render the comparison available for actual missionary operations among the numerous posterity of Ishmael." When we add that the proceeds of the publication are to be given towards founding "a Society for Propagating the Gospel among the Mohammedans," we shall, by this simple advertisement, have done our duty to a book which is avowedly not intended for the general public, and the discussion of

which belongs to the journals specially devoted to theological criticism. If this work could by any manner of means be brought within our jurisdiction, we should challenge Dr. Arnold's logic when the behests and prophecies specially addressed to the offspring of Ishmael are by him applied to all the various races, from the Moor to the Hindu, whose forefathers were, by fair means or by foul, converted to the Mohammedan faith; and we should point out that the said prophecies, even on Dr. Arnold's own showing, were addressed to a race, and not to a religious community. They are equally applicable to the Bedouins before and after the advent of Mohammed, and they were as inapplicable to the ancient Egyptians as they are to the Fellahs, to the Numidians as to the Moors of Tetuan. But all this fault-finding is idle. We cannot consider a book which is specially addressed to a profession, nor can we, in our humble sphere, aspire to discharge the serious functions of the *Church Missionary Magazine*.

If we notice Dr. Arnold's work at all, beyond acknowledging its great learning, its excellent purpose, and its large-hearted charity, we do so because its appearance on our table presents a most fitting opportunity to protest against the habit of exacting an opinion on professedly theological works from professedly secular publications. The authors who make this demand are actuated by a praiseworthy desire to obtain that meed of praise to which they are entitled for their zeal, if not for their discretion. While challenging the criticism of men whose vocation it is to speak of worldly things in a worldly manner, they are equally prepared to endorse our approbation and to protest against our censure. Our praise is accepted as a proof that the author's undoubted merits have impressed even those whose ordinary thoughts run in a quite different channel. Our objections are scouted as an impertinent meddling with topics which cannot be handled without a proper training, a severe discipline of the mind, and a deep and almost instinctive reverence, if not for the execution, at least for the good intentions, of the writer.

"That's in the Captain but an angry word
Which in the Soldier is rank blasphemy."

Serious journalists may safely indulge in all the amenities of polemics; they may, according to immemorial usage, call each other infidels by the score; they may state their conviction of a man's eternal perdition, because that man cannot reconcile himself to the belief in the thing; and will yet claim and obtain credit for all Christian virtues, including charity. The secular writer has the liberty of a general and unqualified adhesion. In that he may revel; but we dare not repeat the awful denunciations hurled at his conduct, if he should hazard to disapprove, dissent from or doubt, not the subject matter treated, but the propriety of its treatment, which is specially under his notice. We have already shown, and we shall, whenever a fitting opportunity presents itself, again show, that our discretion is not akin to pusillanimity, and that we do not shrink from giving our opinion on any subject which fairly falls within the jurisdiction of a journal devoted to the discussion and examination of literature, science, and arts. A critical examination of the book which Dr. Arnold has published would stand on a par with a review of a collection of leading cases in Chancery. Perhaps the latter evil would be worse than the first, but on the whole there is little to choose between them.

The Gordian Knot; a Story of Good and of Evil. By Shirley Brooks. With Illustrations by John Tenniel. 1 vol. (Bentley.)

THIS is a delightful book from its first page to its last. From the kindly dedication proving to us that literary friendships do still exist in the world, to the brief but touching sentence which terminates the work. So gratified, indeed, have we been by its perusal that we consider the long delay in its production to have justified Mr. Brooks's "excellent publisher" in his project of enlisting the assistance of Lord Chelmsford to enforce its completion, as is so pleasantly hinted in the preface; even while we sincerely sympathise in the mental suffering which induced its postponement. Do not, however, let Mr. Brooks misunderstand our meaning, which is simply that we could not afford to lose such a book as the "Gordian Knot," while we, at the same time, express our hearty hope that no pain either of mind or body may interfere with his next undertaking. The plot of the story, although complicated, is clearly and artistically worked out, the heroine is a charming creature, and all the rest of the *dramatis persone* are life-like and natural. It is quite possible to trace the "second manner," which no doubt owed its origin to the moral trial to which allusion has been already made, from the fact that the light comedy becomes somewhat suddenly metamorphosed into melodrama; but as the change harmonises well with the previous portion of the work, it would be hypercritical to say that we altogether regret it; although we confess that we thereafter missed many of those delicate flashes of wit which embellished its earlier pages. There is something so genial in the brilliant coruscations of Mr. Brooks's graceful humour, and so devoid of that coarse and personal sarcasm by which our good taste is too often wounded in the fictions of the present day, that we are enabled conscientiously to estimate it at its proper value, without the drawback of feeling that, as in the fable of the boy and the frogs, what may be sport to us may be bitterness to others. There is no vulgar clap-trap to induce a laugh against the foibles or social shortcomings of some specific victim or victims, no selfish resolve to shine even although the mere cold and ungenial light may be produced by the foul and fetid matter over which it flickers. Even in his moments of mirth Mr. Brooks never condescends to overlook the fact that he is a gentleman; and the purest-minded woman may consequently turn over his pages without one misgiving that an insult to her sense of self-respect will bring a blush into her cheek. We only regret that want of space precludes the possibility of our making such extracts from the book as could not fail to justify our critical fiat upon every point we have advanced; but we cannot resist presenting to our readers half a dozen paragraphs which can scarcely fail to send them to the work itself, in the full assurance that we do not say one word too much in its favour, when we affirm that it lacks neither a healthy spirit of philosophy, nor a shrewd knowledge of men and things, by which its merits as an interesting fiction are greatly and profitably enhanced.

"The earth operates variously upon men who are flung down to her. For some she has the power which is illustrated in the old Greek fables, and they spring up strengthened, as Antæus, by the magnetic touch. For others, she is only a platform of mud, which clogs, clings to, and humbles for ever those who have had a tumble."

"What a large and resolved woman must and will do, she generally does. I would respectfully but strongly recommend any young gentleman

desirous of marrying, but not quite confident in his powers of pushing his way through the world, to look out for that type of females. I do not think that, in such a *ménage*, the butchers, brewers, and wine-merchants' bills, will be quite so small as in some which have lately been published in order to show the price of a wife; but she will open, and if necessary shove open, so many doors of providence for you, that such a union will be decidedly a frugal marriage."

"The power of loving, and the power of making love, I take to be two very distinct gifts, seldom found united in one individual. They resemble, respectively, the power of thinking and the power of talking; and one would not be much surprised to find that the number of people who can make love without feeling it, is proportionate to that of the number of people who can (and will) talk without thinking. But do not let us be savage, do not let us be dissatisfied with these arrangements of nature. Bless us all, what sort of a world would it be if nobody sighed and whispered unless he had a passion at his heart, and if nobody questioned and answered unless he had a brain in his head? What would become of society in general, and Sir Cresswell Cresswell in particular?"

"These clever young fellows seldom do a little bit of the harmless conventionalities of society so well as old gentlemen of the old-school. One has heard from folks of the latter class, elegant and telling after-dinner speeches, which have pleased everybody; when smart men, who knew themselves to be highly superior articles, have gone in for fireworks, and produced no effect at all."

"It is bad enough when a man goes into wild ways from folly or from impulse, but when he takes into his head an idea that irregularities of all kinds are an assertion of his rightful position in the world, things are likely to come to an untoward issue. Fate, like Sir John Falstaff with his recruits, is taking such order with him that all his friends are likely to be mourners."

"Mr. Arundel was in his library, reading hard in Hansard for hints for a speech he had persuaded himself that he ought to make, and rather feebly noting on the back of a glossy letter with a very thick lead pencil, that wrote hard and badly. John Claxton's arrival was an excuse to the senator for laying aside work in which his old soul did not delight, and for which it need hardly be said there was not the least real necessity, for the bill against which he meant to speak had been introduced by the Government without the smallest intention of its being passed, and only to shut the mouth of Sir Barnabas Gutch (who would have otherwise brought in a much better) and it was born with an "I" mark on its back, setting it apart for slaughter on Innocents' day."

We greatly regret our inability to reproduce in our pages the admirable and graphic description of a public execution, with its moral—or rather immoral—effect upon a London mob; the following passage must suffice:

"We have no Druids now; but I have no doubt that if we could search into the annals of the old ones, we should find that they paid every attention to the education of the young folks, our revered ancestry. I have no doubt that when there was a public sacrifice, and the babies were put into the red-hot hands of the brazen idols, fathers and mothers not only came to witness the spectacles, but brought their children, and held them on their stalwart shoulders to see the victims roll off into the fires. A nation that does not educate its children cannot be expected to prosper; and though Robert Spencer did not choose to look at the crowd that day, I did—and saw that out of the thousands present, thousands were children. And the knowledge that it was so, gave me great comfort, as it showed me that our glorious old England was still true to some of the maxims and habits of our ancestors."

We should be doing an injustice to Mr. John Tenniel did we omit our hearty meed of admi-

ration for his most artistic illustrations. In this instance author and artist are worthy of each other.

Napoleon III. on England. Selections from his own writings, edited and translated by John Hawkins Simpson. (Saunders, Otley, & Co.)

THE Editor of this little volume has been engaged in a very praiseworthy task. He has edited and translated selections from Louis Napoleon's own writings, whilst a prince in exile, with a view of enabling the British public to form a decided opinion as to his real sentiments and intentions with regard to England. Mr. Simpson wishes it to be in the power of every Englishman calmly to consider the conduct of the Emperor, and to judge for himself, irrespective of the views entertained and expressed upon the subject through the public organs. And whether Louis Napoleon's intentions be friendly, or hostile, if Mr. Simpson has succeeded in establishing the fact, he deserves well of his country; for, it is a matter of great moment to us to be able to form a correct idea of this, to ordinary minds, incomprehensible personage. If his feelings are friendly, it is well to be assured of it on Napoleon's own authority, always giving him credit for sincerity; if they are hostile, it is well that we should know it, for in that case we can prepare ourselves for the emergency.

Mr. Simpson has carefully selected those passages in the writings of the Imperial author which have direct or indirect reference to this country; the selection has not been made so as to favour any pre-conceived opinion of his own. He has scrupulously avoided doing so.

He asks, with the certainty of receiving an affirmative reply, "Is it not of vital importance that the man who guides the destinies of France, and of Europe too, in no small degree, shall be impartially judged by our justice-loving land? It would be hard to estimate the amount of strength and consistency that the cause of Liberty all over the world would derive from a calm and national consideration on our part of the entire scope of the relations between England and France. This, however, cannot be effected unless Englishmen, setting aside prejudices and suspicions, will endeavour to guide themselves by knowledge and reason, instead of being helpless, or worse than helpless, through ignorance and passion."

Mr. Simpson justly remarks that the inhabitants of this free country are too apt to regard the Emperor's rule in France from an English point of view. This is sure to mislead them; and, being so far misled, they proceed in the course of error, when they come to consider (or rather *not* consider) the nature of his feelings and probable intentions towards their own country.

We judge him, too, by antecedents, not however his own, but those of his Uncle,—or rather what the British mind has conceived to be the opinions and sentiments of the first Emperor—believing correctly, no doubt, that it is the intention of Napoleon III. to walk in the footsteps of his Uncle. We say what the British mind has conceived, because we are of opinion that the public mind has been misinformed as to what were the real intentions and feelings of Napoleon I. towards England. It is impossible, after reading the Emperor's proposals for peace to George III. in 1806, in 1805, in 1808, and in 1812, to form any other conclusion than that his feelings towards England were either misunderstood, or wilfully misrepresented. Louis Napoleon

charges England with being the originator of all our wars: "never has she been willing," says he, "to entertain any proposals of peace." "Did she then," he asks, "believe that the Emperor wished for her destruction. He never had such an idea." "The Emperor esteemed the English people, and he would have made any sacrifice to obtain peace—any, except such as would have compromised his honour." In proof of these assertions, he refers to the proposals of peace to which we have already alluded.

It appears, then, that Napoleon has been misunderstood, and that mere suspicion has blinded our statesmen and prevented them from perceiving the great mission of that great man who, like Henry IV., lived in advance of his time.

In the writings of Louis Napoleon, published at considerable intervals and under varied circumstances, all of which have the strongest marks of sincerity, Mr. Simpson observes, "we fail to discover any marks of hostility towards England; on the contrary, he expresses his admiration of her constitutional government, of the power of her public opinion, of the freedom of her press, and his great respect for her Protestant religion. He however states that though theoretically an admirer of a republic, he believes that a monarchical rule is best calculated to further the interests of France."

In all his writings the Emperor insists upon it that the General Treaty of Vienna, June 9, 1815, was a futile attempt to procure a balance of power by means of arrangements to suit reigning dynasties, and that it was not attempted to frame it to suit the requirements and wishes of nationalities. Every day the people, if not the rulers, of England are coming nearer to the same conclusion, so non-intervention in continental disputes is the growing wish of the English people.

Mr. Simpson thinks that non-intervention cannot be maintained so long as the Treaty of Vienna, though often broken, remains like a boiling spring, whence the floods of war may any day burst forth. He calls upon the people of England calmly to examine this treaty for themselves, not leaving the initiative with ambassadors, or ministers, with a view of settling once for all how far they will, and how far they will not, consider themselves bound to preserve its mutilated remains. He is of opinion that point being once settled and frankly avowed, Hungarians, Italians, and all oppressed nationalities, will know what to expect, and what not to expect from us. Our foreign relations being settled on a rational basis, will cease to be, as they now are, contradictors and irritating.

The work is divided into the following subjects, viz., Napoleonic Ideas, The Napoleonic Idea, Answer to M. de Lamartine, Political Reveries, The Conservative Party, Personal Freedom in England, The Slave Trade and the Right of Search, Opinion of the Emperor on the Relations Between France and the Powers of Europe, Historical Fragments 1688 and 1830, Our Colonies in the Pacific Ocean, Union Gives Strength, Improvements to be introduced into our Parliamentary Manners and Habits, Peace.

From some of these we shall proceed to make extracts, for the purpose of showing the expressions and sentiments relied on, to prove the friendly feelings of the Emperor towards England.

And first, we may remark, that it is impossible to read this volume without perceiving that Louis Napoleon has not chalked out a new policy for himself, but that he has endeavoured in all things to act upon what he conceives to be the great principles which actuated his great progenitor, who, in his turn,

was endeavouring to carry out the principles of Henry of Navarre.

In order, then, to judge of Louis Napoleon's conduct, we must ascertain what he conceives to be the views and policy of Henry IV. and Napoleon I.

In his chapter on Governments in General, the Emperor observes,

"All nations have something in common, they wish to be perfected." . . . "Since the creation of the world, there has always been progress." . . . "The best government is that which accomplishes its mission well, that is to say, the one which adapts itself to the want of the period, and which, taking its form from the present state of society, employs the means necessary to open a level and easy road for civilisation which advances."

"Waterloo! Here the voice of every Frenchman fails, he can only shed tears—tears to weep with the conquered—tears to weep with the conquerors—who will, sooner or later, regret having overthrown the only man who made himself a mediator between two hostile ages."

There is a profundity of thought and philosophy in this idea of a "mediator between two hostile ages" that commands our highest admiration. Louis Napoleon, when he expressed that sentiment, saw that old things were passing away, and all things were becoming new. He compared the vast improvements of the present age with those of his uncle's time. Did he not see that we are living in a most extraordinary and momentous era of the world? He looked at the improvements that have sprung up within the last thirty or forty years, as compared with the state of society at the close of the last and beginning of the present century. And is there not an unparalleled revolution at work in the great body of the people. They have awoke from an ignorance in which they had slept for ages, and have sprung up in a new character of sentient beings, qualified to inquire and discuss, and despising both the bigotry and despotism that would prohibit or impede their improvement. The intellectual spirit is moving upon the chaos of minds which ignorance and necessity have thrown into collision and confusion, and the result is a new creation. Nature (to use the nervous language of an old writer) will be melted down and re-coined, and all will be bright and beautiful.* Look at the extraordinary manner in which the science and practice of agriculture have, during the last thirty or forty years, advanced. Behold, again, the wonderful manner in which manufacturing power and skill have been augmented. Look at the mighty effects of the introduction of gaslight; at the facilities for conveying goods and travellers by land and water, annihilating space, and bringing the remotest parts of the earth and the human family into vicinity. Look at the improvements in our postal system; at our telegraphs, extending over the whole world. Look, again, at the moral phenomena of the times; observe the advance in the sciences: the discoveries in geology and chemistry. Look at the universal increase of the desire for knowledge, and its means of diffusion; at the moral tone that pervades almost the whole of that wondrous machine the Press; at the improvements in our system of education, though still, alas! behind the times. Look at our charity schools, our infant schools, our ragged schools, our mechanics' institutions and literary societies; at our British and Foreign Bible Society. And, comparing them, these are the results of the two hostile ages for which the great Emperor fought.

* London Encyclopedia.

"All our wars have come to us from England, never has she been willing to entertain any proposition of peace. Did she then believe that the Emperor wished for her destruction? He never had such an idea. It was only a question of reprisals. The Emperor esteemed the English people, and he would have made any sacrifice to obtain peace—any except such as would have compromised his honour. In 1800 the First Consul wrote to the King of England, 'Must the war which for eight years has devastated the four quarters of the globe be eternal? Are there no means by which we may come to an understanding? How is it that the two most enlightened nations of Europe, powerful and strong, even more than is enough to secure their safety and independence, can sacrifice to ideas of empty grandeur, the well-being of commerce, internal prosperity, the happiness of their families? How is it that they do not perceive that peace is the first thing needful, as it is the first of things glorious?'"

In 1805, Napoleon writes to the same sovereign, "The world is large enough to permit our two nations to dwell therein, and reason has sufficient power to let us find means to make all peaceable, if on both sides there is a desire to do so. Peace is the wish of my heart, but war has never been the reverse of glorious to me. I conjure your Majesty not to deny yourself the happiness of being the one to bring about peace."

In 1808, at Erfurt, Napoleon unites with Alexander to lead the British Cabinet to ideas of conciliation, and in 1812 the Emperor made similar proposals.

"It would be too painful to think that the war was prolonged, only because of the hateful passions or interests of parties. If a struggle so desperate had such a lengthy duration, it is doubtless because the two peoples had too little knowledge of each other, and that each government was in error with respect to the condition of its neighbour. England, perhaps, saw in Napoleon only a despot oppressing his country, exhausting its resources to satisfy his ambition as a warrior. She knew not how to believe that he was the elect of the people, and that he represented all the material and moral interests for which France had fought, ever since 1789. In the same way it might be advanced that the French government, confounding the enlightened aristocracy of England with the feudal aristocracy which lay so heavily on France before the Revolution, believed that it had to deal with an oppressive government. But the aristocracy of England is like the Briareus of fable. It holds to the people by a hundred thousand roots; from the people it has obtained as many sacrifices as Napoleon obtained efforts from the French nation. And what is worth remarking, in the strife between these two countries, the rivalry of England put Napoleon in a position to realise against that power, a European project similar to that which Henry IV. would have carried out against Spain in concert with Elizabeth, if the dagger of an assassin had not torn away that great monarch from France and from Europe."

The objects which the Emperor had in view are thus described:

"He wished to use his conquests for the purpose of establishing a confederation of all Europe. To establish between the nations of Europe a social relation instead of rude nature," such was the thought of the Emperor; all his political combinations tended towards this great result; but to attain it, it was necessary to induce England and Russia frankly to second his wishes. As long as there is any fighting in Europe, it can be called nothing but civil war.

"Napoleon displaced sovereigns, because at the time it was for the interests of peoples that he should do so. In 1815, the peoples

were set aside for the particular benefit of rulers. The statesmen of that period, consulting passions and animosities alone, based the balance of power in Europe on the rivalries of great Powers, instead of establishing it on the basis of general interests; therefore, their system is everywhere crumbling away. The policy of the Emperor, on the contrary, consisted in founding a solid European association, in making his system rely upon nationalities complete, and on the promotion of general interests. If fortune had not abandoned him he would have had in his hands all the means necessary for setting Europe at rest. He had kept in reserve whole countries, which he might have disposed of so as to carry out his purpose.

"European interests would have controlled national interests; humanity would have been satisfied; for Providence cannot have intended that one nation should be happy only at the expense of others; and that in Europe there should be only conquerors and conquered, instead of reconciled members of one great family."

If these were the great and noble objects of Napoleon he certainly lived before his time, for no one saw them, no one understood them. Nothing could have conduced more effectually to the happiness of the human family. And in the then state of Europe, it was impossible to realise them, except by the means which he adopted.

Well then may Napoleon III. say, "It is with a feeling like that left by an enchanting dream that one dwells upon the picture of happiness and stability which Europe would have presented, had the vast projects of the Emperor been accomplished. Each country confined within its natural bounds, united to its neighbour by the ties of interest and of friendship, would have enjoyed in its interior the benefits of independence, of liberty, and of peace. The sovereigns, exempt from fear and suspicion, would have applied themselves seriously to making better the condition of their peoples, and would have striven to bring home all the advantages of civilisation."

"Instead of that what have we now in Europe? Every one as he falls asleep at night dreads the awakening of the morrow; for the germ of evil is everywhere, and every honest soul almost doubts as to what is good, because of the sacrifices which its attainment would demand. Men of liberty, who rejoiced over the fall of Napoleon, your error has been fatal. How many years must now elapse, what combats and sacrifices must there be made, before you reach the point to which Napoleon conducted you?"

"And you, statesmen of the Congress of Vienna, who were masters of the world, standing over the ruins of the empire, how grand a rôle you might have played, but you comprehended it not. In the name of liberty carried even to excess you raised the peoples against Napoleon. You placed him under the ban of Europe as a despot and a tyrant. You declared that you had delivered the nation and secured repose. They believed you at the moment, but nothing solid can be built upon a lie, and on a mistaken principle. Napoleon had closed the gulph of revolution; you reopened it by overthrowing him. Take care that the gulph does not close upon yourselves."

This is what Napoleon III. means by saying, not the ashes only, but the ideas also, of the Emperor are to be brought back.

"But, it will be said, the edifice which you hold to be so strong as to its internal principles has been overthrown. The foreign policy which you consider so profound was the very cause of

his ruin. To this we answer the internal construction of the edifice was solid; for, not from the interior came the shock that overturned it; as to the system planned by the Emperor, it was not able to establish itself definitively, and for us to form a just estimate of its value it must have been previously put into practice. The Emperor fell because he accomplished his work. Events followed each other with too great rapidity; he conquered, so to speak, too promptly, his genius was far ahead of the men and the times; had he been fortunate, men would have esteemed him as a deity."

"The Napoleonic idea sprang from the revolution as Minerva from the head of Jupiter: helmet on head, completely clothed in armour. It fought in order to exist, it triumphed only to persuade, it yielded to rise again from its ashes, therein following a Divine example!"

"Napoleonism consists in reconstructing French society ruined by fifty years of revolution, in reconciling order with liberty; the rights of the people with the principles of authority."

"Standing between two infuriated parties, one of which sees nothing but the past, whilst the other looks only at the future, it adopts ancient forms, new principles."

"Wishing to have a solid foundation, it bases its system on principles of eternal justice, and crushes beneath its feet the re-actionary theories engendered by the excesses of parties."

"It replaces the hereditary system of ancient aristocracies with one that is hierarchical, which, whilst it recognises equality, recompenses merit and guarantees order."

"It finds an element of power and of stability in a democracy, because it disciplines the mass."

"It finds an element of strength in liberty, because it wisely prepares its reign by establishing wide-spread foundations before constructing the edifice."

"It follows neither the uncertain course of a party, nor the passions of the crowd: it commands through reason, it guides because it walks in advance."

"Soaring above political coteries, exempt from all national prejudice, it sees in France only brothers who can easily be reconciled, and in the different nations of Europe only the members of one and a great family."

"It proceeds not by exclusion, but by reconciliation; it unites instead of dividing the nation. It gives to each the employment which is due to him, the place which he merits according to his capacity and his works, without demanding from any account of his opinion, or of his political antecedents."

"Attending only to the public weal, it does not seek out by what artificial measure it may sustain a tottering power, but by what means it can render the country prosperous."

"It attaches importance to facts alone; it abhors useless words. The measures which others have been discussing for ten years, it executes them in a single year. It careers with full sails over the ocean of civilization instead of remaining in a stagnant pond, uselessly making trial of every sort of sail."

"It rejects the polemics of the day which are like the religious discussions of the middle ages, when they fought about metaphysical questions concerning the transubstantiation of the blood of our Lord, instead of enlarging upon the grand principles of the Gospel. Also it never raises its voice to blame, or to adopt a microscopic law relating to guarantees which are only imaginary, about reactionary exclusions, or mutilated franchises; it plays not with the toys of children, but, itself a giant, when it does fight, it is a war of Titans; its arms are entire peoples, and its triumphs or reverses are for the world the signal of slavery or of liberty."

"Napoleonism divides itself into as many branches as the genius of man has varieties of phases; it tends to revive agriculture, it calls into being new productions, it borrows from foreign lands inventions which may be useful to its cause."

It levels mountains, crosses rivers, facilitates communications, and compels the nations to shake hands.

"It employs the arms of every one, and intelligencies of every description. It enters the cottages of the poor, not holding out barren declarations of the rights of man, but with the means necessary to quench the poor man's thirst, to satisfy his hunger; and more than this, it recites a tale of glory to kindle his patriotic love. The Napoleonic idea is like the idea of the Gospel: it avoids luxury, and needs neither pomp nor ceremony, to make its own way, and secure a general reception; only at the last extremity does it invoke the god of war. Humble without baseness, it knocks at every door, endures injury without returning hatred or rancour, and always marches unhesitatingly, because it knows that light precedes, and the peoples follow it."

"The Napoleonic idea, conscious of its own strength, puts far away corruption, flattery and falsehood—the vile auxiliaries of weakness. Although it expects everything at the hands of the people, it flatters them not; it despises those democratic phrases by means of which it is attempted to gain paltry sympathies, after the fashion of the courtiers who enraged the great king in his old age, by extolling him for merits which he no longer possessed. Its aim is not to create a passing popularity by re-igniting hatreds imperfectly extinguished, and flattering dangerous passions; it speaks its thoughts to every person, king or tribune, rich or poor; it praises or blames, according as actions are praiseworthy or worthy of contempt."

"The Napoleonic idea has long since gained the sympathy of the mass, because with the people sentiments are in advance of reasoning, the heart feels before the mind conceives. At the first preaching of Christianity, the nations adopted it before they understood the entire of its moral system. The influence of a great genius, therein resembling the Divine influence, is a fluid which spreads itself like electricity, exalts the imagination, makes men's hearts to beat, and carries them along because it moves the soul more than it exercises persuasion."

"This influence, which it believes it exercises upon the mass, it would employ, not to overthrow society, but, on the contrary, to re-settle and re-organise it. The Napoleonic idea is, then, an idea of peace rather than an idea of war, an idea of order and of re-construction, rather than an idea of overthrow. It professes without malice, and without hatred, the political moral which the great man was first to conceive. It develops the grand principles of justice, of authority, of liberty, too oft forgotten in these troublous times."

"Wishing above all to persuade and convince, it preaches concord and confidence, and appeals to reason much more willingly than to force. But if, driven to extremity by too great provocation, it should become the sole hope of unhappy populations, and the last refuge of the glory and honour of the land, then, resuming its helmet and its spear, and mounting the altar of its country, it would say to the people, deceived by so many ministers and orators, that which saint Remi said to the proud Sicambre: 'Throw down your false gods and your images of clay: burn what you have hitherto adored, and worship that which you have lately burnt.'"

He recapitulates the results of Napoleon's policy. Napoleon it was, who, arresting the stream of passions, everywhere secured the triumph of the truths of the French revolution. He it was who implanted in Poland, in Italy, in Germany, in Spain, in Switzerland, the ideas and civilising laws of France. Who does not know that in Germany he, with a single stroke of his pen, erased 249 small feudal states, that from the Vistula to the Rhine he destroyed bondage, feudal abuses, introduced the French civil code, publicity of trial by jury in criminal cases, tore up by the roots religious animosities, and there esta-

blished freedom of worship? Who does not know that in Poland and in Italy he created powerful forms of nationality, raised national tribunes, and everywhere spread the benefits of enlightened government? Who does not know that in Switzerland he made peace between the cantons, and gave them a federal compact, the loss of which they at this day are lamenting? In Spain he destroyed the inquisition, the feudal system, and made every effort to establish a constitution more liberal, and a government more enlightened than those we have seen there during the last twenty-eight years. Later still, Coblenz, lighting up its walls because Prussia had not succeeded in wresting from her her French laws, rendered splendid homage to the Emperor's memory:

"The first requirements of a country are independence, liberty, stability, the supremacy of merit, and an equally-spread state of comfort. That government will be the best where every abuse of power can always be corrected, where, without social disorder, without bloodshed, the laws and the head of the State can at any time be changed, for one generation cannot subject to its own laws the generations which follow.

"That independence may be certain, it is necessary that the government be strong, and, that it may be strong, it must have the confidence of the people, it must be able to have at its command a large and well-disciplined army without calling forth an outcry against tyranny, it must be able to arm the whole nation without having to dread its own overthrow.

"To be free, which is only a consequence of independence, it is necessary that the whole people, without distinction, shall be able to vote at elections of the representatives of the nation; it is requisite that the mass, which cannot be corrupted, and which neither flatters nor dissembles, shall be the constant source whence power is derived.

"According to the opinions which I advance, it will be seen that my principles are entirely republican. Ah! what pleasanter, indeed, than to dream about the empire of virtue, the development of our faculties, the progress of civilization? If, in my plan of a constitution, I give preference to the monarchical form, it is because I think that such a government is more suited to France, inasmuch as it would give more guarantees for a state of tranquillity, of authority, and liberty.

"If the Rhine were a sea, if virtue were always the only moving power, if merit alone rose to govern, then I would have a republic pure and simple.

"Harmony between the government and the governed can exist in two ways only: when the people permits itself to be governed by the will of a single individual, or when the chief governs in accordance with the wishes of all. In the first case, it is despotism; in the second, it is liberty. The tranquillity of the one is the silence of the tomb; the tranquillity of the other is the serenity of a pure sky.

"People talk of eternal conflicts, of interminable strifes, and yet it would be easy for sovereigns to consolidate peace that would last for ever: let them consult the relations and the manners of different nations between themselves, let them give to them their nationalities and the institutions which they ask for, and they will have found the true balance of power. Then all the peoples will be brothers, and will embrace each other in the sight of tyranny dethroned, of the earth consoled, and of humanity satisfied."

There is a chapter devoted to the opinion of the Emperor on the relations between France and the powers of Europe. There are several chapters ("Historical Fragments"), wherein the characters and times of the Stewarts are contrasted with those of William III., which show a thorough and intimate acquaintance

with our institutions and the English character, that are well worthy of perusal.

The following are his remarks on the subject of "Peace":

"People are incessantly repeating to us that peace is a blessing and war a scourge. But one thing is not said often enough, which is, if war is often a necessity when a great cause has to be defended, it is, on the other hand, a great crime to make it from caprice, without having a grand result in view, an immense advantage to justify it.

"In our eyes, peace is the harmony resulting from difficulties smoothed down, opposing interests satisfied; it is the most complete security reigning in society. Nothing of this kind exists at the present time.

"To insure peace, we must have an equitable and elevated policy, we must dare to avow it openly and defend it with vigour; we must give to foreign nations a great idea of the good faith and of the strength of France, showing by our actions that we have no desire of making conquests.

"But the government, for forty years, has been pursuing an entirely contrary course. Instead of showing itself inflexible and not to be moved in maintaining its rights, it has always abandoned them whenever they have been called in question; instead of earning the confidence of Europe by its conduct, it has incessantly disquieted it by undertaking some conquests, or some expeditions which disturbed the general harmony without increasing the influence of our country.

"By this mistaken policy, the French cabinet has drawn upon itself, justly, the distrust of France as well as that of foreign powers; it has awakened jealousies and hatreds which were asleep.

"Abroad, men question the good faith of a government which, notwithstanding its promises, cannonaded Lisbon, took Ancona, bombarded the ports of Mexico, excited the Pacha of Egypt to revolt, fomented the disturbances in Spain, took possession of the islands of the Marquesas and of Tahiti, and needlessly bombarded Tangier and Mogador.

"Foreign statesmen cried out, 'Look at these Frenchmen! They are always tormented by the same ambition; the only way of governing them is to fascinate their eyes with military glory. Have we not a proof of it, when we see their present rulers, eminently men of peace, are themselves obliged, in order to sustain themselves, to seek on all continents and on all seas some small military or naval successes?'"

"To insure peace, is not to maintain during a few years a fictitious tranquillity; it is to labour to dissipate hatreds between nations, by favouring the interests, the natural tendency of each people—it is to create a just balance of the great powers; it is, in a word, to follow the policy of Henry IV. and not the disastrous course of the Stuarts and of Louis XV.

"To establish a European balance firmly, Henry IV. foresaw that it was necessary that all nations should be equal in power, and that no one of them should preponderate over the rest; he foresaw that, for peoples as well as for individuals, equality is the only source of justice. Henry IV. had brought the greater part of Europe to second him in his humane views; and, when the steel of a cowardly assassin cut short his days so valuable, he was assembling an immense army composed of European contingents, proposing as his aim, not a sterile conquest, but universal peace. He was about to force Spain to recognise the equality and independence of nations, and he would have established a sort of Areopagus designed to put an end, by reason and not by brutal force, to the quarrels between people and people. Henry IV., had he lived, might have been surnamed, with truth, the hero of peace.

"With this grand project let us compare the wretched policy of the two last Stuarts. These, plunging England, wearied with revolutions, into

an ignoble torpor, gave up to the foreigner the interests and the honour of their country; they reigned by means of peace, but their conduct, so antinational, brought about, as was sure to be the case, a re-action which gave birth to a war of twenty-five years.

"For a few years there existed no more rivalry between France and England; both these nations seemed about to march side by side in the path of progress; to-day the government has so managed that, on the one hand by its attacks, and on the other by its concessions, it has again aroused all the sentiments of jealousy between the two nations; it has recalled to life ancient causes of complaint, and if ever the fire bursts out, our government it is which will be the cause of it, for it, and no other, will have collected the combustible materials.

"The veritable author of war, a celebrated writer says, is not the man who declares it, but the man who has made it necessary by a policy without greatness, without dignity, without good faith."

We leave this little volume with regret. The editor has translated it with the fluency and in the style of an original work, and one cannot rise from the perusal of it without an entire conviction of the sincerity of the Emperor, when he says that the mission of Henry IV. was one of peace; that he foresaw, in order to establish the European balance firmly, that it was necessary that all nations should be equal in power; that equality is the only source of justice. That this was the policy of the first Emperor, and from this policy the third Emperor does not mean to depart. The recent treaty with England confirms this. At all events it is clear, if there is any sincerity in the sentiments contained in this work, that neither conquest nor invasion is the policy of the Empire.

The Pioneer Bishop: The Life and Times of Francis Asbury. By W. P. Strickland. With an Introduction by Nathan Bangs, D.D. English Edition: with an Introduction by the Rev. S. W. Christophers of Manchester. (Manchester: David Ketty. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.)

This is in every respect a very remarkable book, and one which cannot fail to be read by all denominations of Christians with deep and abiding interest. The "grand old man" who forms its subject, is graphically and lovingly presented to us in the solemn simplicity of his spiritual powers; abnegating for himself all merit in his struggle to secure salvation to others, and seeking to compel his followers to render praise only where praise is justly due. Ever ready to fulfil all his self-sought duties alike in sickness and in health, in season and out of season, in toil, in hardships, and in injury, from the commencement of his career to its close, he never faltered; but, like a zealous and earnest follower of his divine Master, he did not lay aside his scrip and his staff until his humanity asserted its weakness, and he lay calmly down to die.

Of the fitness of his biographer for the task which he undertook we have abundant evidence even from the first pages of the book. He has approached it in no niggard spirit, but has brought to it a depth of thought and a power of combination not often found in works of this nature. In drawing attention to the common fallacy that the particular cultivation of the human mind can decide its ultimate strength and quality, he says:—

"That the child stands related in a most important and significant sense to the future man, is a natural fact current and patent to all nations,

and recognised in all religions and forms of instruction. We readily admit that education sustains an important place in the formation or cultivation of the mind, but it cannot impart a quality to mind. Quality is native and inborn; and to affirm that all minds possess the same type, is to affirm what is not true, and what is contradicted by all history and experience. To be sure, mind is mind, just as marble is marble; but there are different casts in the former, just as there are different qualities and shades in the latter. Endless variety characterises all the works of creation, and this variety pervades the world of mind as well as the world of matter. What wonderful varieties of mind are found in children even of the same parents, and how strikingly is the fact illustrated! Were all minds alike, then it is perfectly obvious that the same training under the same circumstances would produce the same results. Every day's experience, however, shows that this is very far from being the case.

"It is a common remark, made in relation to a portion of mankind, that they are 'cast in nature's finest mould,' and we hear the equally common remark of others, that 'they are rough specimens of humanity.' Why this diversity exists, it is not our province to know. God, who 'has made of one blood all nations of men upon the earth,' and has 'fixed the bounds of their habitation,' has made us to differ; but the reasons for this diversity are among the mysteries of his works, which are beyond the reach of man.

"Whatever is essential to mind, however, is common to all minds, just as what is essential to matter is common to all matter; but the possession of these essential attributes is compatible with the most endless variety in formations, orders, and classes. We assign to rocks certain formations; to animals, certain orders; to plants certain species; and to minds certain classes. Nothing is more common than to speak of a class of minds, and to assign them a place in the world of intellect. This latter remark, however, is predicated of quality, and not of anything acquired. Education only develops the latent powers of the mind, and disciplines the native forces of the intellect to action. Perception, imagination, judgment, and consciousness are no more the product of education than the mind itself, and where either of these are absent or defective in the original quality no education can impart them.

"We have pursued this train of thought further than we intended, and yet we think it is worthy of more consideration than has generally been given to it. What we designed in our preliminary remarks was simply to reiterate the generally acknowledged fact, that great eminence and distinction in the world come not from chance, nor yet from any particularly favourable circumstances, though these must, to some extent, exist, but from an original quality inhering in the mind itself as the basis thereof."

And this argument he very satisfactorily develops in the career of the Pioneer Bishop. Born of English parents in Staffordshire in 1745, Francis Asbury was fortunate enough to be the son of respectable and pious persons of the middle class; and his first sorrow was caused by the early death of an only sister, to whom he was fondly attached: and, although at that period only in his seventh year, the event sank so deeply into his heart, as to lead him to seek for consolation in religion. His school career was an unfortunate one; his pedagogue being a coarse and tyrannical man, from whom the meek and patient boy suffered an amount of persecution which rendered his removal imperative; and he became the inmate of one of "the wealthy and fashionable families" of the neighbourhood, where, being still a mere boy, the attractions of the world for a while withdrew him from more serious thoughts. A few months subsequently, however, he returned to his father's roof, and

having attained his fourteenth year, he selected a trade, to which he diligently applied himself, while at the same time he resumed his religious duties. He read with avidity all works of a sacred character, and was a constant attendant at public worship.

"How important" (says Dr. Strickland)

"in the formation of a religious character is it that the right kinds of books be read; for, whatever may be the experience in after life, the religious faith will take its tone and colouring in a great degree from the mental aliment."

"The principle adopted by some parents is of the most latitudinarian character. They say, 'Let the children alone in their choice of books, and also in their choice of a church, until they grow up and are able to judge for themselves.' Such advice we regard as infidel, and pernicious in a high degree. If it be right to act upon this principle in regard to a question of such vital moment, and one involving happiness for time and eternity, as the question of a right faith does, then it is equally right, nay, more so, to allow them the largest liberty in regard to all their choices."

Encouraged by his mother, young Asbury at length attended a Methodist meeting; and from that time he decided upon the form of worship most congenial to his convictions; nor was it long ere he believed it to be his duty himself to hold prayer-meetings, which, owing to his extreme youth, were soon numerously attended, and excited so much curiosity that his friends, alarmed by the spirit of opposition which began to manifest itself, declined to allow him the use of their houses; and after resuming the meetings for a time in his home, he began to visit the neighbouring villages, where the effects produced by his zeal and eloquence became so marked that the society ere long decided that he was called by God to the ministry, and he accordingly received his license as a local preacher; but although he continued to officiate as such for several years, he nevertheless travelled far and near, holding forth the word of life to "wondering, weeping thousands." He continued thus his unremitting labours until he reached his twenty-first year; and after travelling circuits as a member of the Wesleyan Conference for about five years, during a portion of which time "he had been strongly impressed with a desire to go as a missionary to America," he attended the Conference held at Bristol in 1771, at which Wesley called for volunteers for that work, when he at once responded to the summons. Having taken leave of his parents, he embarked with only a few pounds in his pocket, and a slender supply of clothing, accompanied by a young man named Richard Wright, who had offered to aid him in his labour of love. After a rough passage, during which the two friends, having no beds, slept on the bare boards, and underwent many other privations, they landed at Philadelphia, where they were kindly and hospitably received; and where, although only five years had elapsed since the introduction of Methodism into the country, they found that considerable societies had been formed, not only in New York and Philadelphia, but also in different parts of New Jersey, Maryland, and Virginia. On their arrival in America "the colonists were in a state of rebellion, and just on the eve of a revolution," but the spirit of the Wesleys still stirred the hearts of their followers, and many eminent preachers had succeeded them in the American ministry. Of these Dr. Strickland tells us:

"We would not have the reader entertain the idea for a moment that Wesley or Whitefield, who called out the masses in their day, were anything like some of the popular preachers of the

present day in England and America. The novelty connected with the preaching did not consist in letting down the language of the pulpit to the slang of the stump, and merging the preacher in the politician. Every truth they uttered was grave and solemn, attended with no lightness of manner, foppish swagger, or artistic air, more befitting the clown or the stage-player than ambassadors of Christ. 'The love of Christ constrained them,' and their earnest declaration of the truth 'commended them to every man's conscience.' They carried the Gospel to the uncared-for masses, and it was this concern for neglected souls which characterised all their labours, that won upon the hearts of the masses, and brought thousands of the destitute to listen to their ministrations."

After remaining ten days in Philadelphia, Asbury proceeded to Baltimore, and thence to Staten Island, everywhere meeting with a warm and encouraging welcome; after which he attended a revival at New York, where he was deeply touched by the earnest piety of his hearers; and, says his biographer,

"particularly impressed with the sight of so many sable sons and daughters of Africa, who were in the congregation, and who united with the people in cheerful melody to sing the Redeemer's praise."

Thence he progressed to the back settlements, and his earnestness in his work may be gathered from the following extract from his journal:

"I remain in York, though unsatisfied with our being both in town together. I have not yet the thing which I seek, a circulation of the preachers to avoid partiality and popularity. However, I am fixed to the Methodist plan, and do what I do faithfully, as unto God. I expect trouble is at hand. This I expected when I left England, and I am willing to suffer, yea, to die, rather than betray so good a cause by any means. It will be a hard matter to stand against all opposition,

'As an iron pillar strong,
And steadfast as a wall of brass.'

but through Christ strengthening me I can do all things. My brethren seem unwilling to leave the cities, but I will show them the way. I have nothing to seek but the glory of God, nothing to fear but his displeasure. I have come to this country with an upright intention, and through the grace of God I will make it appear. I am determined that no man shall bias me with soft words and fair speeches; nor will I ever fear the face of man, or know any man after the flesh, if I beg my bread from door to door; but whosoever I please or displease, I will be faithful to God, to the people, and to my own soul."

In 1772 he was appointed superintendent of the societies in America by Wesley, and entered upon his new and arduous duties with a zeal and perseverance which soon produced its fruits, and thenceforward he may be said to have passed nearly his whole life in prayer, in the pulpit, or in the saddle. For many years he travelled annually about six thousand miles, undeterred by pathless forests, precipitous mountains or unfordable rivers; traversing the howling wilderness, alive with beasts of prey, to carry the glorious tidings of salvation to unbelievers, and to gather into the fold of his Master such of his scattered flock as had gone astray from long lack of a shepherd; presiding at Conferences, healing disensions, and bringing union and a godly spirit out of lukewarmness and discords. The times were troublous, but while many of his brethren sought safety by leaving the country, Asbury never faltered for an instant.

"While Asbury was engaged in his work in Baltimore and vicinity in 1777, he was required to take the oath of allegiance to the state of Maryland. Its form, however, was such that he

could not conscientiously take it, and the result was that he was obliged to leave the state and go to Delaware, where the state oath was not required of clergymen. He sought an asylum at the hospitable mansion of Judge White, in Kent county, Delaware. He soon found, however, that his retreat was no place of safety. Scarcely had he been a month at the Judge's before he was obliged to leave, and he went out, not knowing whither. He had not travelled many miles when he came to a house, where he stopped and found the neighbours assembled for a funeral. There being no minister, he hesitated not to improve the occasion by an address full of Christian sympathy. He then pursued his weary way until late at night, when he found shelter. Here he intended to rest till Providence should direct his way; but the next evening he heard of circumstances which induced him to think it prudent to move the next day. Deeply depressed was his spirit. He was three thousand miles from his native home and kindred. All his countrymen associated with him had left him to his fate. He was considered by most persons, who knew not his heart and his motives, as an enemy to the country, and he was, accordingly, liable any hour to be apprehended and abused.

"Leaving his resting-place, he went into a wild and dismal swamp, where he lay concealed till night, when a friend kindly took him in and protected him. Under these circumstances of trial he was sustained by the consciousness that he was in the way of duty. He was seeking neither riches nor honour. He was labouring only for the spiritual good, for the salvation, of his fellow men. He trusted in Providence, being confident the God of the prophets and of the apostles would protect and relieve him."

His appointment as General Superintendent of the Methodist Church in America was, in 1782, unanimously confirmed by the Virginian Conference and two years subsequently he was ordained Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It would appear, however, from a passage in the excellent introduction of Mr. Christophers, that Wesley by no means approved this innovation on the simple and primitive forms of his sect, for that gentleman tells us that in a letter from London addressed to the new prelate, he thus expresses his distaste to the measure:

"There is indeed a wide difference between the relation wherein you stand to the Americans, and the relation wherein I stand to all the Methodists. You are the elder brother of the American Methodists; I am, under God, the Father of the whole family. . . . But on one point, my dear brother, I am a little afraid both the Doctor (Coke) and you differ from me. I study to be little; you study to be great. I creep; you strut along. I found a school; you a college! Nay, and call it after your own names! O, beware, do not seek to be something! Let me be nothing, and Christ be all in all! One instance of this, of your greatness, has given me great concern. How can you, how dare you, suffer yourself to be called Bishop? I shudder, I start at the very thought! Men may call me a knave, or a fool, a rascal, a scoundrel, and I am content; but they shall never, by my consent, call me Bishop! For my sake, for God's sake, for Christ's sake, put a full end to this! . . . Thus, my dear Franky, I have told you all that is in my heart."

The rebuke, even had it been more delicately administered, might, however, it would appear, in this instance have been spared; for if ever there was a sincere case of *nolo episcopari*, it appears certain that it was in that of Francis Asbury; for the ordination delegated to him no increased power or usefulness, but rather produced a contrary effect, as he became more reluctant to exercise his authority when it was no longer subjected to that of the Father of his Church. His earnest wish and unceasing endeavour was to build churches and schools,

but this was attended with considerable difficulty; the means at his disposal being almost negative, while, as absolutely regarded himself,

"His salary was only sixty-four dollars a year and travelling expenses, about as much as one of our city preachers at the present day would get for delivering a lecture in an adjoining town. Often have the clothes of Asbury been worn threadbare and become shabby in appearance, and he obliged to deprive himself of some of the comforts of life; but uncomplainingly, unless in behalf of his poor preachers, he went on his way, living not for himself, but consecrating all to God and the Church."

In so far, however, as personal exertions could avail, the Methodist bishop spared neither pains nor labour; but, says his biographer,

"As the Angel of the Apocalypse flying in mid-heaven with the everlasting Gospel to preach to all nations, so this pioneer bishop literally flew from state to state, and from territory to territory, with the messages of salvation;"

stirring up the lukewarm, and encouraging the willing to aid him in his task with tardy but seldom failing success. Nor was he narrow in his educational views, for it is recorded of him:

"While Asbury was opposed to educating men for the ministry as they would be educated for any other profession, without regard to a Divine call, he was yet altogether in favour of having Methodist preachers thoroughly educated, and gave, in his own diligent attention to study, an example to all his sons in the ministry. Though there were then no colleges or Biblical Institutes in the Church, yet the study of the learned languages was by no means neglected; and Asbury well knew that he would prove unworthy of his relation as a son of Wesley and a colleague of Coke, did he not advocate to the extent of his ability the importance of a sound and thorough education in matters pertaining to general science and literature, as well as a theological training."

The close of his career is extremely touching. Worn by age—he had passed his seventieth year—by hardships, and by over exertion, even at the termination of a long and arduous circuit, he insisted on being removed by easy stages to Richmond in Virginia, despite all the dissuasions of his friends, saying resolutely,—

"I must once more deliver my public testimony in this place." When the hour for preaching arrived he was taken in a close carriage to the old Methodist Church. On arriving he was borne in the arms of his friends into the church and placed upon a table prepared for the purpose, whereon he was seated. The "Old Church," whose walls had so often echoed to his voice, was crowded to its utmost capacity.

After singing, reading the Scriptures, and prayer, the bishop announced, in a tremulous tone, his text: "For he will finish the work and cut it short in righteousness: because a short work will the Lord make upon earth." Impressed with the consciousness that his work was done, and that he was like one who was waiting for the voice of the bridegroom, the text was well chosen. Before and around him were his brethren and friends of former years. With tearful eyes and throbbing hearts they were listening to the last sermon of their beloved father in God. Slowly and measuredly the solemn truths fell from his trembling lips. Carried away by his feelings he exceeded his strength, and was obliged to pause frequently from sheer exhaustion. Feeble as he was he preached for nearly an hour, during which time a deep and awful stillness pervaded the entire assembly, only broken by the sobs of sympathetic hearers. To the vast audience gathered on this occasion the scene before them must have been sublimely impressive. For the last time they were listening to the voice of their beloved bishop, who had gone in and out before them in

his continental visits for so many years. When he closed his discourse he was much exhausted, and was borne back to his carriage and taken to his lodgings."

Thence he made a last effort to reach Baltimore, in order to attend the General Conference in May; but upon reaching the residence of his old and long-tried friend, Mr. George Arnold, about twenty miles from Fredericksburg in Virginia, he was unable to continue his journey.

"On the evening of the 29th of March his carriage stopped at the door of this his last earthly resting-place, and he was borne into the house never more to leave it until his worn and weary body should be carried to the tomb. He suffered much during the night and the succeeding day, notwithstanding everything was done that affection could do to mitigate his distress. When Sabbath came he requested the family to be called together at the usual hour for religious services. His travelling companion read and expounded the twenty-first chapter of Revelations, during which time Asbury was calm and devotional. His end was near, and his faith doubtless enabled him to catch a glimpse of the holy city which John saw coming down out of heaven, and to hear the voice assuring him that God would wipe away the tears from sorrow's weeping eye. The sun of his life was declining, but there were no clouds in the evening heavens. All was calm, and clear, and bright."

"The services were closed, and Bond, perceiving that the venerable bishop was sinking in his chair, hastened to support him; and while he held up his reclining head, the spirit of the patriarch passed away in peace to its God."

Francis Asbury had at last found the rest which he had so nobly earned; and we can conscientiously recommend this record of a good man's life as an example to all who turn aside from the path of spiritual duty because they deem it dark, and narrow, and difficult to tread.

History of the Reign of Henry IV. King of France and Navarre. Part I. Henry IV. and the League. By Martha Walker Freer. (Hurst & Blackett.)

In the present volumes Miss Freer continues that interesting series of works with which she has illustrated a most important epoch in the history of France. She has the great qualifications of possessing an enviable knowledge of the French language and literature, and always writes with grace, clearness, and spirit. We are afraid, however, that Miss Freer will find that she has committed an error in the construction of this work. The title is almost a misnomer, for the reign of Henry IV. virtually begins at the point where these two volumes conclude. The intervening period with which Miss Freer deals is occupied by the later wars of the League. This is indeed a thrice-told tale. There exists an abundance of works on the subject in England, and a superabundance in France. It would not be difficult to adduce a list that would convincingly show that our fair authoress has undertaken a work of supererogation. Neither is the tale a very inviting one. We should scarcely have thought that it would be one on which Miss Freer would care to dwell, or her readers care to follow, for so great a length. She has diligently examined the historic archives at Paris, but we are not aware that she has either brought new facts to light or placed old ones in a different view. We feel for one who has to glean after the reaping of such men as Davila and De Thou. The narrative, though not destitute of some striking pictures and stories, is uncongenial and revolting, and what many readers will think far worse, is somewhat

dull. It has indeed been told once for all in a book that has been aptly called the French *Æneid* of the French Virgil. The *Henriade* was originally entitled *La Ligue*. It is more valuable for its historic worth than its poetic merit. The misfortune is that M. de Voltaire has considerably overdone the Dido part of the business. We quite realise a doubt which Sir James Stephen has expressed, whether any one could endure a prosaic account of this merciless controversy. We grow tired of the cruelties of the Seize and the craftiness of Les Politiques; to use a favourite but incorrect verb of Miss Freer's, we "weary" of endless plottings and counter-plottings, jealousies, and dissensions: even *le Navarrais* sometimes nods; we have enough of his prowess in the battle and of his intrigues in the bower.

Miss Freer evidently designs this work for those who have followed her through the course of her previous volumes. But probably many of her readers may not have the pleasure of an acquaintance with her other writings. Would it not have been wise to have given her work an independent value? As the case now stands, those who are not well acquainted with French history will find much of it unintelligible, and the other class will find much of it unnecessary. Had Miss Freer devoted half a volume to an historic sketch of the scenery and the actors in this great drama; had the half of another volume been devoted to the period of the final issue with the League—for we should not like to miss sketches of Arques and Yvetôt, the sieges of Paris, the scenes of the rocks of Usson, the forest of Fontainebleau, the cathedral of Chartres; had the body of her work been devoted to a careful, luminous, and graphic description of the court and times, the arts and arms, the home policy, the foreign policy, of the great king and the great minister,—we might have had to congratulate her upon producing one of the most interesting, amusing, and instructive books of the season. Even now the indescribable fascination that belongs to Henry the Great ought to render these volumes popular. After all we cannot but trace the steps, by which the despised Prince of Béarn became the father of his country; and the rejected of Paris became the idol of France. Henry is not without reason the hero of the solitary French epic. He stands almost alone, chivalrous and tender in an age of cruelty and meanness; charitable and just in an age of bigotry and intolerance. All trophies of victory are associated with his diadem, the victories of peace, the victories of war. In war he was more than Condé; in administration he was all but Sully; in calm and enlightened principles he was the equal of L'Hopital. Historians, romancists, and poets have always delighted to follow his career, as he passes unscathed through the massacres of Paris and the cannonadings of Ivry; as he bears a charmed life against the poisoned spells of De Medici, against the guile of Lorraine, against the dagger of Guise, and as he maintains his heroic defiance of the wily machinations of the Escorial and the vindictive thunders of the Vatican.

It is painful, and it is very difficult, to adjust rightly our mental view of Henry's character amid all this glitter and glare. It is hard and it is painful, amid so much true nobleness and so much real glory, to recognise, not indistinctly, the lineaments of a debauched renegade. With all his greatness he was not so great as to hold fast his good faith towards man or his integrity towards Heaven. The son of the heroic and devoted Jeanne d'Albret, the grandson of the peerless Marguerite d'An-

goulême, who redeemed by so saintly an end the faults of the Heptameron, must have possessed some conscience, a religious depth of feeling, a whole wealth of tender and hallowed associations. But the kingdom of this world and the glory thereof was a temptation too potent for this great but fallen spirit. He sometimes showed that he was capable of acting like a tyrant. He liked gambling even better than glory. He was often fickle, light, and false. He was one of the worst of adulterers, and the husband of a very Messalina of an adulteress. His contaminating influences spread corruption in an ever-widening circle. He did absolutely nothing for the constitution of France. The so-called Father of his people was a good-natured parent, who took good care of their present comfort, but never troubled himself with the thought of their future welfare after he was gone. Of his abjuration many views have been expressed, while Miss Freer contents herself with pure narrative, and expresses no views at all. The common view of the abjuration is, that Henry was a truly great prince, who had too much common sense to weigh a mere religious scruple against the deepest interests of a mighty empire. We grant that the abjuration did much temporary and apparent good. By the abjuration he bound up the wounds of his bleeding country, and restored peace to a distracted realm. He gained a throne which, for many years, he occupied with prosperity and renown. But with what fearful alloy is all this brilliant story mingled! Those seventeen years were darkened with cares and stained with vices, and, at their close, we see him lean his head in his hands, and softly say, "My God, what is this that will not suffer me to be quiet?" And yet a little while and the dagger of Ravallac is at his throat. According to every principle of mere human calculation the abjuration was politic and right. He thus disappointed the ambition of Mayenne, and humbled to the dust the House of Guise, and overcame the subtle policy of Philip, and settled a disputed succession, and gave peace to the Reformed Church, and established the dynasty of Bourbon. Seven of his line ruled France. But for two hundred years their rule was the rule of an almost sublime selfishness; the rule of despotism and misgovernment. The avenging Nemesis of a violated faith dogged the footsteps of his descendants. Louis XIII. was an abject slave to Richelieu. The dragonadings of Louis XIV. were a fearful return for the noble devotion of the Huguenots to his grandsire. Louis XV. has passed into a bye-word of shame for every filthy vice that could reduce the highest earthly king to the level of the lowest earthly brute. Louis XVI. perished on the scaffold. Of course we might continue the sad story of the race down to the present hour. We may now study the annals of these days by the light of the lurid flames of the Revolution. That Revolution might have been averted; that wilderness of guilt and error through which France has wandered these seventy years, might perhaps have been escaped, if Henry had remained firm in his allegiance to the cause of the Huguenots. But he chose to prefer a human prescience which is often wrong, to a divine law which never errs. Neither is it by any means clear that Henry must have necessarily forfeited his crown, or have suffered the dismemberment of the monarchy. He had withstood so long the might of Spain and of the League; there was such a growing reaction in his favour; there was so much in his character that exactly suited the French people; that, had he persevered a few years longer, he might have conquered himself as well as his

foes, have occupied the throne of St. Louis with unsullied honour, and have bequeathed it a lasting and peaceable possession to his posterity.

The following is Miss Freer's excellent description of the scenes of the Recantation:

"The superintendence of the splendid adornments of the abbey were intrusted to Cheverny, Bellegarde, the duke de Longueville, and his brother the count de St. Paul, the latter being deputed to perform the functions of grand-master. These noblemen acquitted themselves of their duties to the satisfaction of all. A more splendid pageant had never been witnessed at any preceding coronation; though all the hangings and decorations of the abbey had to be manufactured for the occasion. The choir of the cathedral was hung with rich tapestries. On the right of the altar stood a chair of state for the officiating prelate, covered with cloth of gold. Opposite, was a chair, canopy, cushions, and a praying desk hung with crimson brocade, for the occupation of the king before his enthronization. Behind the royal chair was another covered with sky-blue satin for the Constable. A similar seat was placed for the chancellor on the left of the royal *fautuil*. Behind the officiating prelates were benches draped with cloth of gold, for the prelates. On the right of the altar were seats for the peers and princes taking part in the ceremony. In front of the high altar, a theatre was erected, nine feet high and twenty-eight feet long, on which stood the throne. This platform was magnificently draped with violet velvet beset with golden *fleurs de lis*. Galleries were erected on the right and on the left of this dais for the princes, ambassadors, and officers of the household. Close to the chair of the officiating prelate was a table covered with violet velvet, on which the regalia were deposited. The king's offerings were likewise placed on a second table near to the altar. In the choir, a gallery was built to face the altar, for the occupation of the princess Catherine and the ladies of the court. Arm-chairs of cloth of gold were ranged in front of this gallery for the principal ladies, the centre chair, surmounted by a small canopy, being destined for Madame. To Gabrielle d'Estrées also a *fautuil* was assigned by the express directions of the king; otherwise her rank as the wife of M. de Liancour entitled her not to a place amongst the princesses. All the relics and shrines of St. Denis were deposited on the high altar, which blazed with the radiance of gold, of precious gems, and with the light of innumerable tapers of white wax.

"On Saturday evening, February 26th, the king quitted his abode in Chartres, the episcopal palace, and repaired privately to the cathedral. After hearing vespers, Henry retired to a side chapel dedicated to St. Piat to confer with his confessor Benoit; who delivered an exhortation to his majesty on his kingly duties, with an admirable exposition of the principal tenets of the orthodox faith. Henry then withdrew, and passed the remainder of the evening in privacy. The following morning the inhabitants of Chartres were aroused at dawn by salvos of artillery and the pealing of bells. At six o'clock the four barons, whose duty it was to escort the Holy Vial from the abbey of St. Père, set out. These young noblemen were the counts de Lauzun, Dinan, Cheverny, son of the Chancellor, and the baron de Termes. At eight o'clock king Henry repaired to the cathedral attended by his princes and nobles. Henry wore a vest of crimson satin and a robe of cloth of silver—the prescribed costume preparatory to the ceremony of his anointing. The procession entered the cathedral with great precision and magnificence. The archers of the guard with kettle-drums, headed by the provost of the household marched first, then in due order of precedence the bishops and clergy, the Swiss guards, trumpets and heralds, the knights of the order of St. Esprit, the chamberlains, and the Scotch guards. Next came the marshal de Matignon, bearing aloft the sword of Constable as deputy for Montmorency. Cheverny, in his chancellor's

robes, followed. Then marched the count de St. Paul, bearing a gold wand of office as grand-master of the household, between the Duke de Longueville, grand chamberlain, and the duke de Bellegarde, master of the horse. The king marched next alone, his train borne by a prince. In front of the altar stood Nicholas de Thou bishop of Chartres, the officiating prelate, attended by the archbishop of Bourges and by seven bishops arrayed in full pontificals. The king was presented by the bishops of Mantes and Maillezais. Henry then prostrated himself before the altar and made offering of a small shrine of silver gilt: his majesty was afterwards conducted to his chair of state, which he occupied pending the arrival of the Holy Vial and the recital of the prayers offered on its reception. The ceremonial of preceding coronations was minutely followed.

"The most hearty *vivas* burst from every part of the abbey, when the crown of Charlemagne was set on the brow of Henry IV. The event was notified by a great discharge of artillery, and by the distribution of plentiful *largesse* to the crowds congregated without the abbey, and in the nave of the cathedral. The portals of the church were thrown open; and the people entered to gaze on his majesty as he sat on his throne robed and surrounded by the ensigns of royal state. Meantime the choirs chanted 'Te Deum Laudamus;' and silver medals were distributed by heralds. Vehement cheers of 'Vive le Roy!' rent the air when the officiating prelate lifting his mitre from his brow, prostrated himself before the throne in the act of homage. Mass was next said by the bishop of Chartres, assisted by Foulon the exiled abbot de Ste. Geneviève, and by Benoît, his majesty's confessor. The offerings—consisting of a loaf of silver, a loaf of gold, a rich cup filled with wine, and a purse containing thirteen pieces of gold—were borne before his majesty on cushions of white damask fringed with gold by monsieur de Sourdis, M. de Souvré, M. d'Entragues, and the count d'Escars, son-in-law of madame de Mayenne, preceded by heralds. The king then received the Holy Eucharist in both kinds; his crown being meantime lifted from his head by the prince de Conti. At the conclusion of the ceremony king Henry, arrayed in his royal robes of purple velvet lined with ermine, and bearing his sceptre and orb, returned to the episcopal palace, amidst salvoes of artillery and the benedictions and plaudits of his people.

"The following day, Monday, February 28th, the king was invested with the Order of St. Esprit with great pomp and solemnity in the cathedral of Chartres by the bishop. It was remarked with pleasure that his majesty pronounced the oath to live and die in the communion of the Holy Catholic and Apostolic Church with great fervour and emphasis. King Henry had now fulfilled all the conditions which could be demanded by his subjects before they tendered their full recognition of his kingly rights. He was a victorious monarch, absolved and professing the orthodox faith, anointed and crowned, and sovereign chief of that illustrious and very catholic militia instituted by Henry III.—the knights of the order of St. Esprit. With the common people he was popular beyond any other monarch who had sat on the throne; while the haughty nobles revered his prowess and recognised his prerogative."

The dying words of Henry II. to his son were words of warning against the Guises. With marvellous acuteness the Duke de Guise contrived to identify the great question of the age with the personal interests of his family. He became chief of the League, independent of the indolent king, and all but mounted the throne itself. The Prince of Condé became a Protestant for scarcely a better reason than that the Duke of Guise was a Catholic. So close a connection did Guise make with Spain, that Philip ventured to speak of "my city of Paris, my town of Rouen." Anthony, King of Navarre, did not know to what party or religion he belonged. Not so, however, his heroic consort. And not so, either, his heroic son.

Unless we can believe that the Prince of Béarn acted one living lie for so many years, we must believe that he took a religious interest in these religious wars. Not that Henry for a moment forgot the political importance of his moves. When he possessed only his slender principality of Navarre, it was by heading a great religious movement like that of the Reformers, that he could alone make himself a party in the State. Again, when the sons of Henry the Second died off—when Guise, who had wielded all the power of a Mayor of the Palace over Merovingian kings, threatened to substitute the dynasty of Lorraine-Guise for the dynasty of the Bourbon, Henry, even in his best moments, would find it difficult to decide how far he was contending for the Reformed faith, and how far for the heritage of his ancestors. Henry had to solve this problem several times, and he always deliberately solved it in the way that best suited his own aggrandisement.

It is a remarkable instance of that essential oneness which we find in all fanaticism, that Burke found a tolerably exact parallel between the Catholic League in France and the Solemn League and Covenant in Scotland. To use the language of Voltaire, one half of France butchered the other half, with a crucifix in one hand and a dagger in the other. That great law of repetition, which Thucydides first pointed out as pervading all history, is strikingly exemplified in France. In reading the pages of the history of the civil wars the alterations of dates and names would give us the history of some of the most remarkable events of the Revolution. A history of the wars of the League yet remains to be written which shall distinguish carefully between the religious element and the political element. Miss Freer fails even to attempt to throw any light upon this question, the most important and interesting of the controversy.

For whatever might be the selfish cruelty of princes and nobles, this war ranks next to the civil wars of England, in the passionate hold which it possessed upon the spirits of individual men. This was scarcely a war that was carried on for territorial acquisition or family aggrandisement. The contest raged in every private family and in every individual soul. Kings might make it matter of statecraft, but the monk brooding upon it in his cell, and the farmer at his daily work, and the retired noble at his château, contemplated it as a matter of immortal life and death. The history of the controversy includes both the history of Christendom and the narrowest biographies. The reign of Henry the Fourth is only a chapter in a more general history. Unless this reign is contemplated in all its relations, as an act in an extended drama, as one part of a wider scene, we cannot view it in its just proportions, and understand its full meanings. Miss Freer fails to rise to the height of this great argument. To understand aright the reign of *Henri Quatre*, we must contemplate it both through a magnifying lens and a diminishing lens. Seen through the former, it was the same great quarrel which was then shaking all Europe, from Scotland and Scandinavia to the shores of the Mediterranean. Seen through the latter, it was a question which agitated to the very depths countless human souls, and to understand its many aspects requires a profound knowledge of our human nature. Our authoress does not enter upon this higher and more sacred region. She gives us instead an account of political intrigues, flirtations, adventures, fighting statistics, tinsel pageants, sparse anecdotes, and thin correspondence. As we have indicated, this does not satisfy our idea of what a history of

Henry's reign should be. We do not know how it is. Perhaps, in spite of Mr. Mill's theory, there really is something in the mind of lady writers that shrinks from high and severe studies. Even Miss Strickland is always glad to turn away from state policy and religious creeds to discuss the colour of a dress or the fashion of a bracelet. French is essentially the language of *memoirs*, and perhaps there is something petty and frivolous in French memoirs that incapacitates the mind of their constant student for a more soaring flight. This work may beguile fashionable readers into the pleasing idea that they are improving their minds and brushing up their history, but it is no real addition to human thought and knowledge. Whatever else it may be—compilation, narrative, memoirs, gossip, story-telling—it is certainly not history, or if in compliment to the authoress we cannot refuse the title, it is essentially small history for small minds.

THE INCOME TAX.

ALL literary men complain of the Income Tax; all artists, engineers, architects, join in the complaint. Merchants, shopkeepers, brokers, admit that it is unfair in itself, and presses unfairly upon them. The clergy are as badly off, and yet we have no organisation to make the feelings and desires of at least half the nation known to the other half. True there is no secret in the matter: every man knows that his neighbour complains, but as the complaint is a private non-official kind of grumbling, no further notice is taken of the grievance.

We are all agreed that to tax the income produced by labour—often excessive and exhausting, always sufficiently heavy to tell powerfully after a few years upon the strongest constitution—to the same extent with that which is produced by the natural operation of capital without care or labour, is in itself an injustice. The man with 500*l.* per annum derived from painting pictures, or writing books, or carving out of marble "*fine images*," may be disabled in a second: a stroke of paralysis,—an accident to his right hand,—and his income is either stopped altogether, or greatly diminished. If he die, he cannot bequeath to his wife and children the genius by which he has hitherto been enabled to support them, and in such a case they are left all but destitute. The small capitalist, on the contrary, is provided for in sickness, and in case of death his family are as well off as before. Yet the income, however derived, is taxed at the same rate, and this manifest injustice is likely to be perpetuated simply because the nation will not bestir itself.

If we ask "whence comes this apathy?" we shall be probably driven to some very cynical views of men and things; and we must not hold them back because they are not always agreeable. But we will do the best we can, and put the most pleasant in the first place. Unquestionably there is a great deal of patriotism in that feeling which keeps the general objection to the Income Tax so much in the background. Men say, "Whatever may be the real intentions of the French Emperor, he is certainly keeping up such mighty armaments that, unless we do our best to support our army and navy, we must be entirely at his mercy. He could invade us, and carry devastation into our homes whenever he pleased." We do not exactly endorse this view of the case; but it is a very common one, and lies at the bottom of that acquiescence so universal in our army and navy estimates, great as they are. It prompts the volunteer spirit, and keeps up the volunteer movement; and, in fact, it says to the Government of the

day, "These are times of peril, we will not hamper your action now by opposing you on questions of detail; we had rather pay a little more, nay, a great deal more than is fair, than that the national cause should be neglected."

We fear that this spirit of patriotism is understood by each Cabinet in turn, counted upon by each successive Chancellor of the Exchequer, and *deliberately abused*. We trust that it will not be so for ever.

But there is another cause which renders the victims more submissive under the yoke. They are told, and not without truth, that each budget has in some way or other lightened their burdens; that if they pay a direct tax in addition to those which come upon them indirectly, these latter are greatly diminished; that food and clothing are cheaper, much cheaper, than they were, and that this is not a mere accident, but the pre-intended result of the direct taxation. It is set out before them clearly enough that even the ominous tennence will be a benefit, when they come at the end of the year to reckon up their expenditure; and that if, in fact, the whole taxation of the empire could be made direct, each family would pay absolutely less than they do at present. Now as this statement is susceptible of proof, and the English people in general are open to conviction and rarely resist argument, there is an additional reason for not pressing a new arrangement of the tax at the present time. The popular feeling expresses itself somewhat after this fashion: "It is no time now, when the very existence of the empire is at stake, to cavil about our tennences; we do pay in proportion ten times as much as our richer neighbours, but we must take another time for rectifying this inequality; and after all, this new budget does not make us worse off than we were, but on the contrary, rather benefits us by its improved tariff."

But we must not conceal from ourselves that there is another cause, and one which acts quite as powerfully as those which we have just described. It is the conviction that the legislature as a body are more influenced in this, as in many other matters, by their own personal interest than by that of the nation at large. This opinion shapes itself not unfrequently into expression: "We cannot expect a body of men, by far the larger portion of whom are great landed and funded proprietors, to take the great burden of taxation and lay it on real property, or that which for this purpose is the same as real property, *merely because it is fair*. This would be asking too much for human nature to grant; it would be presuming on an absence of corruption, which unhappily we have no right to suppose, and all the results of our endeavours would be a great deal of sophistry, and finally a cleaving to the old system." Here lies one of the chief reasons for the acquiescence in a great and notorious injustice. But the matter does not end here. Those who do not believe that either House will listen to their prayer, have some faith in a House somewhat differently constituted; and we think we are not mistaken in supposing that nearly all the agitation, such as it is, which is now being made for a new Reform Bill is to be traced to those who feel themselves to be unfairly treated in this arrangement of the nation's burdens.

It may be well to look this question in the face, for we do not believe that the expectation so entertained will ever be fulfilled. No Reform Bill which will or can be passed in this country will send to Parliament men of a different class to those who now occupy its benches. We are, whatever we may say to the contrary, an essentially aristocratic nation. An aris-

tocracy of rank may partially give way to an aristocracy of wealth; but no one in his senses looks forward to a Parliament of men who when they have attended to the business of the nation will go back to their small farms, plough their own land, sup on a radish and a hard-boiled egg, and emulate the Camilli and Cincinnati of the Roman republic. Our boroughs may choose shopkeepers for their representatives, but they will be great not small ones; and a poor man, however able, will not for at least a century to come be able to obtain a seat in the British senate, or a hearing, even if he should find an entrance. A Reform Bill which sends the same class of men will not alter the Imperial legislation, and least of all in those points which concern fiscal burdens. The only chance would be by exacting pledges from each member on the hustings, a measure which has many objections against it, and which certainly can be applied as well now as after any amount of parliamentary reform.

We would wish here to state distinctly that while we acknowledge the duty of all who receive protection of life, person, and property from the state to contribute towards its expenses, we do not see why this duty should be considered as binding only on incomes of one hundred per annum and upwards. It might be attended with some difficulties, but we apprehend not insurmountable ones, to make it apply to all incomes, however small; in fact, that the workman should pay as well as his employer, though neither so much nor according to so large a per-centage. If this were done, many taxes which do now press heavily on the working man might be either omitted altogether or greatly reduced; and undoubtedly, under such a system Government might be called upon to aid more largely in the great cause of popular education.

We have just hinted why so little is said on a subject about which so much is felt, and we shall now point out what we consider to be a duty which all literary men, as well as all engaged in artistic and scientific pursuits, owe to themselves, their families, and their order.

They should, in the first place, organise a systematic opposition to the continuance of the present form of the tax. We have only to look at the present budget, and see how it has secured the cordial and almost universal support of the Press by its abandonment of the paper duty. This has been a concession to the Press, and nothing more, and there would be no difficulty, if the pressure were made heavy enough, to obtain, as a similar concession, and to the same power, the modification of the Income Tax. We do not say, "Do this now;" we recognise the importance of leaving Government free from any unnecessary agitation at the present time. We quite agree with our more than imaginary tax-payer that it would be far better to pay more than our share for a little longer, in order that Government may tide over the difficulties of the "actual situation," but we are by no means inclined to say, "Go on paying it year after year, and in perpetuity." We are not to allow the intellect of the country to be unjustly taxed; to continue an impost upon genius and industry, simply because the Houses of Lords and Commons are fundholders and landholders. From this time every opportunity should be taken to enlighten the public mind, every newspaper ought to join in the crusade, for almost every writer in every newspaper is himself a sufferer by the present form in which the Income Tax is levied. There is not a clergyman, a schoolmaster, an artist, an author, (with few and rare exceptions) who is not thus called upon to make up the deficiencies of the really wealthy.

Against the tax itself we have nothing to say: it is inquisitorial, and sometimes is made offensively so by the arrogance and impertinence of those who administer it; but if an evil, it is a necessary evil. We now no longer look to a financial millennium in which it shall come to a conclusion. We have seen Alps rising on Alps—we have been refreshed by anticipation by the cool waters of the translucent lake seen afar off in the desert, but when we have reached its banks, we have found only the dry sand of the wilderness around us. This *mirage* has mocked our hopes again and again, till at last we hope no longer. We take up our burden, our old man of the sea, with a dogged resolution to carry it for the term of our natural lives. We are beginning to make up our minds to it as an instalment of the direct taxation system—but on all these accounts it *must* be remodified; there *must* be some attempt made to mete out even justice to the injured classes, and that attempt *will never* be made till they all rise up as one man and demand it.

THE CASE OF ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, OXFORD.

FIVE years ago the Commissioners, appointed under the Oxford Reform Act 1854, proceeded to exercise that portion of their functions by which they were empowered to remodify the statutes of the different Colleges. Elaborate information had been procured by the Commissioners of the Report which preceded the general act, and though there was an unmistakable determination on the part of the Legislature to effect the reconstitution of these Corporations, there was as evident a resolve on the part of the Government, both in the appointment of the Commissioners, and in the rules under which they acted, to leave no opportunity for objection on the ground of harsh dealing, or indifference to vested interests and vested prejudices. Within the wide limits of a few general principles of action, such as the abolition of local claims, of consanguinity to the founder, of the preference of poverty, of the mischievous practice of necessary succession to fellowships from scholarships, and of a uniform, or nearly uniform, obligation to take Holy Orders, all possible modifications were left to the concurrent consent of the Commissioners, and the immediate holders of collegiate emoluments. The revival of any of those questions, which were agitated while these alterations were *in transitu*, the awakening any of those prejudices which were somewhat rudely shocked in the alteration of the statutes, would, in the present state of things, be utterly out of place. The broad fact, however, on which these changes were introduced is one of future significance, as well as it was of previous importance. It was that the Colleges had drawn to themselves the powers and functions of the University, that the independent action of the older and national Corporation was swallowed up in the influence and the enactments of the later foundations, and that consequently there was an increasing disposition to view the rights and even endowments of the Colleges as national resources, with regard to which the Legislature, the general purposes of literature being satisfied in their maintenance, might induce union, alteration, transmutation. And there is no reason to conclude that this interference is yet any way completed, or that, change having been once accepted, there will fail to be in time to come a claim for the adaptation of the practice of the Colleges to what the act has made the principle of the University. Up to this period all the Colleges and Halls have concurred with the Commis-

sioners (the term of whose powers was slightly extended) in the new constitutions under which they are to be governed, with one exception. It is that of St. John's.

St. John's College is in intimate relation with a large and prosperous London school, that of the Merchant Taylors' Company. Some other schools have scanty interests in the Corporations, and the founder directed that a small portion of the endowment should be permanently annexed to his kindred. This is, however, only twelve per cent. of the whole number, four per cent. being assigned severally to Reading, Bristol, and Coventry, and two to Tunbridge. The remaining seventy-four per cent. is confined on the ordinary principle of absolute succession from scholarship to fellowship, to Merchant Taylors'. The term of the scholarship, or, as it is called probationary fellowship, is three years. It is needless to observe, that hitherto the probation has been a farce. Deficiencies of intelligence or industry have not excluded the scholar from his fellowship, nor is it likely that anything short of scandalous bad conduct would have done so.

This state of things, common to most Colleges under the old *régime*, and certainly not more in practice at St. John's than in other Corporations, the Commissioners wished to alter by creating eighteen fellowships and thirty-three scholarships. Of the fellowships, nine were to be open, and nine would be competed for by the scholars from the favoured schools, of whom sixty-three per cent. were to be from Merchant Taylors', six each from Reading, Coventry, and Bristol, three from Tunbridge, and fifteen open. Certain other provisions occur in the ordinance for the exceptional case of incompetent candidates from the favoured schools. The term of tenure was limited in the schools' case to seven, and in the open scholarships to five years.

It is plain from this ordinance, that the Commissioners were disposed to make terms with St. John's on a very narrow basis. The College had manifested a great disinclination to do away with the principle of a limitation to the schools and a regulated succession, and the Commissioners yielded to them to a far greater extent than they did to analogous interests in New College and Winchester School. But the College demurred to the proposal, and, the power of the Commissioners expiring, the Legislature is engaged in reviving these powers for the purpose of completing the work to which St. John's is the only exception.

Pending the act and its obvious consequences, the College authorities have circulated a statement of their case, which is intended to be at once an apology for their refusal to agree with the Commissioners, and the suggestion of a counter plan. A very superficial reading of this document will, we think, show that it fails to effect satisfactorily either of these purposes. One cannot help being convinced that there was no insuperable difficulty to a harmony between the views of the College and the Commissioners; and the reasons for the plan suggested are so contradictory, as to imply for their only practical solution, that the College is wholly unwilling to suffer any alteration at all. But this, whatever be the merits of the particular case, can hardly be consistent with the practice of the Act of 1854, or be rationally expected in the presence of the modified foundations of all other Colleges.

As a close College limited to a particular school—for the small interests are of no importance, and occasionally have had no reality in the working of the system—St. John's has been singularly respectable in the doings of its members, especially during a particular period.

It is not difficult to discover the cause of this in the liberal scheme which has been adopted in the school from which most of its members come. It has not been quite so happy in its commoners, perhaps from the fact that no advantages of a pecuniary kind can be offered them. But whatever its merits, and the merits of its fellows, it must, we think, be admitted, that the ordinance of the Commissioners—those broad principles considered which we mentioned at first—are the most conciliatory that have been hitherto proffered to any College, and that the resistance to any concord with these officials was as undignified as the apology is weak and the counter proposals contradictory and vacillating.

MR. W. H. RUSSELL AND COL. ADYE.—Our attention has been called to an inconsistency between published opinions of ours on different accounts of the Crimean war. On examining the statements in question, we find the complaint to be just. In noticing Mr. Russell's account of that campaign, we spoke not more highly of it than it deserved. The reviewer of Col. Abye's volume has in some places reflected on Mr. Russell, and instituted a kind of comparison between the two narratives to the advantage of the military historian. Such a comparison should not have been made, simply on the ground that the different circumstances under which the two accounts were written removed them altogether from all fitness for being compared. The man who writes amidst the labour and turmoil of a march, or from the smoke and confusion of a battle, occupies a very different ground from the officer who, when the campaign is over, writes, with a full strategic knowledge of his subject, an account of all its proceedings. To obtain an accurate view of the matter, it will be necessary to read both: one will give a view of the action, the other of the reflection. Such an inconsistency would not have occurred but for the severe illness of the Editor, the review of Col. Abye's work having necessarily gone to press without passing through his hands.

THE TRIAL OF ÆSCHYLOS.

THE JUDGE.

BRING forward hither him who stands accused
Of having, and deliberately, betrayed
The mysteries of Eleusis.

ÆSCHYLOS.

Here I stand,
No culprit; and no jailor brings me forth.

JUDGE.

Hast thou not, Æschylos, divulged the rites
Taught by Demeter?

ÆSCHYLOS.

What have I divulged
Beside the truths the Gods to men impart?
And none beside the worthy do they trust.
The human breast they open and they close,
And who can steal their secrets? who shall dare
Infringe their laws, or who arraign their will?
Here, men of Athens, before you I stand
Confident; ye have known me long ago,
Nor in this city only; let that pass.
The brave man venerates, the base man fears;
I scorn to supplicate, or even to plead,
For well I know there is a higher court
Than even this, where your just votes are given,
The court of last appeal.

JUDGE.

We know it not;
Where is it situated?

ÆSCHYLOS.

In man's heart.
In life it may be barr'd, so dark that none
See into it, not he himself; Death comes,

Throws it wide open, stalks away again,
And then the Furies leave their grove and strike.

CITIZEN.

He spake no wiser truth upon the stage,
Where all men speak their wisest and their best.

ANOTHER.

I wish he had not said a word about
The Furies; Death is bad enough.

FIRST CITIZEN.

Hush, hush!
The Judge hath risen up, and waves his hand.

JUDGE.

What say ye, men of Athens, to the charge
Ye heard expounded this morning? Are ye mute?
Sadness I see in some, in others wrath;
Wrath ill becomes the seat I occupy,
And even sadness I would fain control;
But who can bear irreverence of his Gods?
Their profanation (by your laws) is death.

[ÆMINIAS, the brother, bares the breast
of ÆSCHYLOS, and shows his wounds.

ÆMINIAS.

What have these merited? These wounds he
won

From Persia, nothing else; let others show
The purple vestures stript from satraps slain,
He slew them, and left those for weaker hands
To gather up and ornament their wives.

[ÆSCHYLOS would conceal the scars.

Nay, brother! thou shalt not conceal the scars
With that one hand yet left thee. Citizens!
This is the man (that impious man!) who smote
Those who defiled the altars of your gods.
Look up. Is Pallas standing on yon hill?
She would not have been standing there unless
Men like the man before ye had fought for her
At Marathon; nor had Demeter blest
Your fields with what we call the staff of life,
If irreligious wretch dared violate
What all hold sacred, Æschylos not least.
To death condemn him, or to worse than death;
Drive him from Athens; bid him raise no more
Your hearts and souls, for he no more can fight
To save our country, nor call heroes down
To stand before ye, your progenitors;
Brave as himself, and as unfortunate.

CITIZEN.

Truth, by the Gods! thou speakest.

JUDGE.

Speak ye too,
Judges! who sit beside me.

[They acquit him by their votes.

Thou art absolved,

Æschylos! go in peace.

CITIZEN.

In glory go.

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

Are there no clariions nigh to waft him home,
With their strong blast? not even the feeble kiss
Of poet?

ANOTHER CITIZEN.

We can walk before, behind,
And call our children to come forth, and kiss
The threshold that our Æschylos has crossed.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

NEW NOVELS.

Alive or Dead. By Charles Howell. (James
Blackwood.)

A NOOK, the object of which is to show what can be done for the masses, is entitled to a respectful reading; and such a book, we infer, is "Alive or Dead." We cannot say that we think the author has been very happy in his title: "Vicar and Curate" would have been much more appropriate, if, at least, the title be meant to convey a hint of the aim of the story; and undoubtedly this story is intended to demonstrate how the parish of St. Crispin, Leatherby, a town in a midland county, improved under the fostering care of a Mr. Welldone, who is introduced to us as Curate, and takes his farewell of us as Vicar, of the said parish. The author favours us with no dates; but from

internal evidence we have no difficulty in fixing upon years very recently passed as the time during which the events which are recorded must, if they happened at all, have taken place. This being so, there are but few people who will recognise in the following portrait of Mr. Weldone's vicar a faithful representation of a benefited clergyman within the last few years:

"The spiritual head of that parish was not likely, either by his wit, his pulpit eloquence, his piety, or his pastoral diligence, to win the hearts of any of the poorer members of his flock. His early life had been devoted to hunting, card-playing, and carousing; and, though he had outlived the generation which admired, or rather tolerated, parsons of such tastes and habits, he maintained his old practices, and allowed the serious duties of his sacred calling to give him little or no concern. It need hardly be stated that he was no scholar, though, as an M.A. of Cambridge, he went thither on all important occasions to record his vote and eat his dinner; neither was he, unless it were by virtue of his cloth, a gentleman. On the whole, therefore, he was a hindrance, rather than otherwise, to any good work that might be undertaken in his parish."

"The external appearance of the Rev. John Jangles, M.A., was in keeping with what we have stated of his mind and character. His usual morning costume was a tail coat which had once been black, but which the dust of many years had changed to a greenish pepper and salt. That part of his apparel which, holding a lower position in society, may not be even named to ears polite, was of a similar hue; and sundry deficiencies therein compelled their owner, when he took his walks abroad, to wear over all a great-coat, which, having fitted him closely when he was younger, and his form more graceful, was now buttoned only at his throat, and expanded downwards to his heels like an extinguisher. His figure was short and corpulent; his hair, on the contrary, long and thin, and of a greenish hue—a colour which, in one shade or other, seemed to pervade his whole person."

"As the vicar's dignity did not manifest itself in his outward appearance, he was fond of asserting it at every opportunity; and seldom did the curate or churchwardens speak to him on any matter connected with the parish, without his reminding them that he was 'vicar.'"

Now a Vicar is one of a class; and we very much doubt whether an author is justified in selecting an unique, if not an altogether hypothetical specimen, merely for the sake of bringing out by contrast in stronger relief the praiseworthy points of another class. However, we must honestly confess that we do not see how he could otherwise have made Mr. Weldone attractive: indeed the great fault of this book is that there is nothing in the characters themselves to elicit much love or hatred. Some writers have the power of investing their characters, even at the outset, with such qualities that you follow their fortunes throughout with eagerness; it is not so with Mr. Howell: if the earth were to open and swallow up every person delineated, you wouldn't feel very much concerned. Leonard Harewood, who contests with Mr. Weldone the place of "hero," is very so-so; and his sister, whom Mr. Weldone ultimately marries, is quite a commonplace young lady. As for Mr. Holofernes Jones, a vulgar attorney's clerk, who steals a ten-pound note, whilst Leonard Harewood is of course accused of the theft, and who escapes the consequences in an incomprehensible manner,—who tries to wheedle a man, under pretext of friendly interest, out of his secrets, and strangely enough meets with no retribution, but on the contrary seems to be under the author's kind protection,—he is an insufferable bore, and an unmitigated rascal. Mr. Hinderbatch, a working shoemaker, the happy owner of a bull-dog, is the best drawn character by far: some of his sentiments are very original and true withal. We were much pleased with the following short dialogue:

"Along with whom?"
"Jumbo, sir."
"Oh, Jumbo!" said the mayor, writing it down; "is that a Christian name or a surname?"
"Christian? Bless you, sir, he ain't no Christian: he's a deal better than most Christians ever I seed. Jumbo's a dog."

There are situations in the story which might have been made much of, but they are not written with power sufficient to make them thrilling. Then the extrications from awkward predicaments are by no means original: many a time, when reading the adventures of Leonard Harewood in search of his father, who had not been heard of for more than sixteen years, and might be *Alive or Dead*, we couldn't help fancying we had read it all before. Most novel readers will recognise an old friend in the following passage:

"After a long, long period of suspense, the poor boy opened his heavy eyes once more. Again the pulse was

tested, and the medicine administered; and then the physician, taking Harewood aside, for he knew he could not trust him, said in a whisper—'He'll do now—keep him quiet, and he'll do. Thank God for it—thank God . . . and this good woman!'"

We met with matter for wonder in many places, but nowhere more than at p. 301, where old Harewood, fearing lest his son, whom anxiety and excitement during his search after his father had thrown into a fever, should die, exclaims "What shall I do if he shall die? . . . I must go forth then upon the world a wanderer . . . with the curse of Cain upon my soul."

We always thought Cain slew his brother in a fit of passion. We cannot but give Mr. Howell credit, however, for much that is good both in writing and in sentiment; we are only sorry that there is not more. If the following speech be not all that could be expected of a baronet, there is good feeling and sense in it:

"Friends," he said—"I hope you've all enjoyed yourselves; and I hope you'll stay till it gets dusk, and amuse yourselves any how you please. There'll be bread and cheese and beer on the grounds for any one that likes to have some before starting home; and if you've had half as much pleasure here to-day, as you have given me by coming, why, I shall be well satisfied, and so will you. I'm living here in a big house, with many comforts and pleasures about me. Providence has cast my lot thus, and I'm thankful; but I don't forget those who are not so well off as I am. I often think of you, and wish I could be of service to you—that I do; but it isn't so easy as you might think. What is a great deal for one man would be a very little for fifty; and it's not by going shares with others that the rich are to benefit the poor. An honest man who does his duty, and earns his own living, is a much more respectable and worthy member of society, than one who takes charity from his neighbour, and lives in dependence on it. When there's anything to be given away, it's generally the rogues and vagabonds that get it. But don't think, because God has made some of us rich and others poor, some high and others low, that we must necessarily be like strangers, or, still worse, enemies to each other. No, my friends and brothers, let us be honest men, and then we may respect and love each other; as honest men, I'll help you in any way I can; as honest men, I'll meet you in this place every year, and be proud of your company. Go on in your upright way; make the best of your opportunities; get such knowledge as you can, and show your worthy parson that you understand his kindness, and value his diligence in your service; and to wind up—three cheers for him and for the night-school!"

Still, we don't think much progress will be made towards improvement amongst the masses so long as the efforts of what are called the higher classes are confined to day-schools, night-schools, and an annual feed at a baronet's. Mahomet had to go to the mountain: deputies will not do in such cases.

New Relations, and Bachelor's Hall. By Urbin Rus. (Charles Westerton).

We feel grateful to anybody who commences a novel by dashing in *medias res*. We are tired of wading through descriptions of human beings from crown to sole, of buildings from foundation to roof, of seas and lands, and woods and rivers. The author of *New Relations* deserves our thanks, if for no other reason, at least for sparing us wearisome details. He begins at once with an announcement, by a young lady, of her approaching marriage, and he rattles on agreeably enough for a space of 153 pages. There is nothing particular in the tale: it is a very slight sketch of "fast" high life,—as the author counts high life,—and tells of extravagance, gambling, and debt. At the 154th page we begin to wish it were over, for we arrive at a most improbable and uninteresting love-affair, between the heir to an English earldom and a Parisian *lionne*. It is perfectly insipid; it isn't even wicked. The coolness with which the author burns a yacht, for the simple purpose of making the hero an earl and the heroine a countess, is only to be equalled by the suddenness with which the catastrophe is introduced, and the nonchalance with which it is narrated. The author kindly explains the object of his story at Chapter XII, where one reads:

"In the most limited sphere of human life are typed all the virtues and vices of society. Not that at the cottage hearths we find those marked characteristics which elevate or vitiate camps or courts, but we mean that the tendencies of physical and moral nature assert their existence alike; and while we would argue that circumstances rightly considered easily develop the higher and purer principles, we attain that organisation of society which constitutes what has not been inaptly styled 'artificial life,' as the main incentive to those errors upon which is wrecked so much of mortal happiness. This story goes to prove this fact; and, if it can be adapted by our readers to a single rectification or justification, our mission is morally successful."

We don't pretend to understand all this, particularly the second sentence; but we feel sure that the author's intentions are good. To borrow from the lines of Byron, which the author has placed upon his title-page, we fancy that he writes "what's uppermost without delay;" and what is uppermost is not often very solid, and not always very pleasant. We were much struck by a peculiar usage of the word *also*; which, if we are not mistaken, educated people avoid. For instance, the author would say that there were figs, apples, nuts, oranges, *also* grapes. Neither does he appear to have studied, to much profit, all the learned (and unlearned) letters which appeared in the *Times* at the period of the great telegram-controversy, seeing that at p. 105 he speaks as if the telegram were the instrument which is worked. As for "Bachelor's Hall," we think the less said about that the better: there is no class of persons for whom we consider it likely to have the slightest interest, unless perhaps for a few of the lowest and most unprincipled of the august body termed "fast men;" and as a literary and artistic performance it is beneath notice.

Land Sharks and Sea Gulls. By Captain Glascock, R.N. (Knight & Son.)

The impression which steals upon the reader as he peruses the first fifty pages of this book, is that the author is little better than a shallow punster, whose views of human character are of the most superficial description. The style of composition so far is in many respects positively offensive. The reader is inclined to think that the author is under the impression that all mankind were created for no higher object than to pass through life cracking jokes with each other. In this book, judges, lawyers, Irish gentlemen, sailors, middle-aged ladies, coachmen, and above all the author, eagerly clutch at every opportunity which offers, to make a pun. However inappropriate the occasion, the author especially must have his pun.

While giving the particulars relating to the sudden death of a lady, and after stating that the scene was "appalling" and "beyond description," he tells us that "the absent gentleman sought to absent himself in search of surgical aid, but in his hurry to descend the stairs, he unfortunately fell over the tea-urn, which the servant, in his fright, had left upon the first landing."

This mixture of the ludicrous with the painful is in the worst possible taste, and argues the possession on the author's part, of either a very shallow mind or a very callous heart.

Nor does the author give his readers credit for possessing very acute powers of perception; for he is perpetually directing their attention either by parentheses, quotation marks, italics, or, as it is termed on the stage, "asides,"—to the point and cleverness of his observations. To judge from these indications, some portions of this book are full of sly jokes, invisible humour, and words with a twofold meaning. In short, in the early part of it the author seems to be ambitious only to prove to the reader that he is a very knowing and very clever fellow. He is like a man who having a great flow of animal spirits, thinks everything he says is witty, and accordingly nudges his dull friends with his elbow, as much as to say, "What d'ye think of that?" or "That was good, wasn't it?" We counted no less than twelve of these nudges, indicated as we have already mentioned, by italics, asides, &c., in one page.

After getting through the early chapters, we find that the author becomes more earnest in his work, though he never entirely conquers his propensity for punning. The plot of the tale is not remarkable for originality; but if we except a certain hurry and abruptness, which is noticeable towards the conclusion, it is worked out with a good deal of power and skill. Many of the incidents are highly melodramatic and exciting.

The following may serve as a specimen:

"I tell ye, Jack, you must make the next cut right in the centre. In these here doors there's always a bolt running

down right into the stone floor, and there ain't never no forcing it. The Jenny's no use. The bolt must be drawn."

"You're right, Lushy, for once," said another voice, which the Jewess knew at once to be that of Bobson. Though her heart beat violently, almost audibly, it was not with fear. She determined to listen further, and to remain where she was till she should judge that the second aperture was nearly closed.

"The door's locked as well as bolted," said Bobson, "or it 'ud away more as I pushes it. B—t the servants!"

"Never mind," returned a third voice, which the reader will recognise as Black-muzzle Bill's; "my skeletons is up to more nor that."

"Here goes, then," exclaimed Bobson; and the grating operation of the centre-bit again commenced.

"Stop a bit, Jack," said Lushy Dick. "Just tell us again exactly what we're to do when we gets in. 'Twont do, you know, to mistake our work, and we shall be in a brace of shakes."

"Curse yer stupid drunken head! Why, a'n't I to go into the housekeeper's room, and make all safe there, while you and Black-muzzle lays hold on what we wants upstairs?"

"They're come for the child—the villains!" thought Elizabeth to herself. "I'll defend him to the last drop of my blood."

"This was no heroic determination on the part of the Jewess, and indeed her conduct in the critical position wherein she was placed had been, up to the present moment, worthy of all praise. But a passion had now taken possession of her heart and soul which we can scarcely palliate, much less extol. No sooner had she heard Bobson's voice, than she imagined the hour had now arrived when she was either to reap the full measure of her revenge for his perfidy, or, by meeting her own death, rid herself of all her woes. Her resolution was accordingly stern and sanguinary. By listening at the door she had become possessed in a measure of the robbers' plans. Bobson, on breaking in, was to repair to her room. His infamous confederates were, at the same time, to proceed up-stairs. How was she to accomplish her deadly revenge on her betrayer, and yet defeat the purpose of the other ruffians, which, she doubted not, was the abduction of the child?"

Brief was the time afforded her for deliberation. The second aperture in the door would be now completed in less than a minute, when, if she remained in her present position, she must be exposed to the murderous assault of the three robbers. She therefore cautiously retreated to her room, closed the door, snatched a knife from one of the closets, and posting herself between the wall and the side of a chest of drawers, in a situation which she imagined would conceal her from Bobson, till his accomplices should be at some distance—awaited the result. While occupying this position, the Jewess heard the area door cautiously opened, followed by footsteps stealthily creeping along the passage. Her own room door was next tried; and being found not locked, a man with a crape around his face entered, bearing his lantern in his hand, which threw a light over the room, while his companions proceeded to the upper part of the house."

Elizabeth looked at the intruder from her place of concealment. The black mask of crape seen by the dim gleams of the fellow's lantern gave a hideous effect to his appearance; but this was not heeded by the Jewess, though it could not fail to perplex her as to the identity of him for whom her deadly hatred was treasured.

The robber placed his light on the table, and applied himself to the door of the closet in which his informant (the scullery girl) had told him the place was deposited. Finding this to be fast, he had recourse to his bunch of skeleton keys, and began to busy himself in probing the wards of the lock. During this operation, his back was necessarily turned towards the Jewess, and time was thus afforded her to determine how she was to proceed under her uncertainty as to the person of the ruffian now before her. It was true that she had heard something touching Bobson's entry of her room; but as her intentions were deadly, she did not dare, at so awful a moment, to trust to chance, which might present her with the wrong victim. Her determination was speedily formed. Springing from her lurking place upon the man, who was taken unawares, she threw him off his balance by the suddenness of her attack. He staggered, and had some difficulty to avoid falling. Profiting by this momentary confusion, Elizabeth clutched at the crape which concealed his features, and which soon gave way to her grasp. She was now certain of her man. Muttering between her clenched teeth, "villain, your time is come!" she aimed a desperate blow with the knife at his breast. Bobson, long inured to personal encounters, was not so easily thrown off his guard. By suddenly and dexterously twisting her arm aside, the knife was in a moment cast to the floor. Smiling at the impotent rage of the Jewess, Bobson exclaimed—

"What you here, old girl, eh?—So, then, this is Counsellor Waddy's house. Come, Bet, I'll forgive ye for all the injury you've done both to me and Mr. Mordaunt; and, moreover, for your civil attempt to send me to the other world afore my time, providing you tells me where to find the boy: a sudden thought coming over him, that, could he secure possession of the infant Darcy, he might draw Mordaunt from his concealment, and extort pretty handsome 'head money' for the capture of the child."

"Wretch!—you shall never have him while I live."

"Then, Bet," returned Bobson, in a cool but determined tone, "you must make up your mind to die at once; and he grasped her with violence by the throat. 'You are now in my power. I defy you to cry out—you're gagged safe enough. I give you two moments for consideration—no more!' so take your choice. Lead me to the boy, or lose your life!"

Bobson's other hand was immediately upon her throat, and the gripe became more and more strict. She would soon have been effectually strangled, had not the occupation of both his arms left his body exposed. The hilt of a pistol protruded from each waistcoat pocket; seizing that on her right, Elizabeth fired at her assailant. This attempt was more effective than her first—Bobson received the ball in his breast, and dropped to the ground, uttering savage imprecations, and dragging in his fall, the light person of Elizabeth;—the ruffian's unrelaxed hands gripping, even in the struggles of death, the slender throat of the courageous girl. The report of the pistol alarmed the depredators in the rooms above, and they ran down stairs with great precipitation; but here a

surprise, very different from what they had expected, awaited them. On reaching the hall 'Lushy Dick' and his friend 'Black-muzzle Bill' were received by three Bow Street officers, in the principal of whom they recognised their ragged companion at the 'Horse and Sacks' in St. Giles's."

As might be expected, the author's nautical characters are the best. He is certainly most at home when dealing with sailors and the sea. Sir Montague Mute, the captain; Mr. Lawrence, the chaplain; and Lieutenant Leatherlungs, of the "Nonsuch, sixty four," are all well-drawn characters; and as the plot of the story is laid at the beginning of the last naval war, the reader may expect to find some stirring descriptions of life at sea during that period of intense excitement.

POETRY.

The Odes of Horace. By Theodore Martin. (J. W. Parker & Son.)

If the shades of departed poets be not insensible to the neglect or admiration of the living, and if to be translated be necessarily to be admired, no ghost has better reason to be satisfied with his treatment than Quintus Horatius Flaccus. Arm in arm with the phantoms of Augustus and Mæcenæ, how complacently the little shadow must strut amongst the Manes! We can imagine how soothing it is to his Corpulency's vanity, to see the respectful distance which the vulgar *umbra* keep, as they point out with fleshless finger the *Master of the Roman Lyre*, whose fame has reached the *ultimi Britanni*; and how he must chuckle over the freaks of his old friend Fortune, who has transferred her favours from queenly Rome to the remote Britons. He would admit that those barbarians, nevertheless, show considerable taste, and would fully appreciate the compliment paid him by the pens of a Derby, a Gladstone, and a Ravensworth: for, notwithstanding what has been said of his independence, the freedman's son took very kindly to Right Honourables. But it is not only amongst the aristocracy that Horace is a favourite. Englishmen of education, whatever be their rank, are all fond of him; and there is perhaps not a single one of them, with any pretension to scholarship, who has not attempted to turn into English one or more of his Odes. Even the sublime genius of Milton condescended to the task of translation, and as we will frankly confess, now that heretics are not burnt at the stake, but innocuously roasted,—in our humble opinion with no very great success; nor did Ben Jonson consider it beneath him to exert his power of language upon the lyrics of the Venustian bard; whilst the masterly touch of Dryden is allowed, by common consent, to have invested the original, which he paraphrased, with a lofty magnificence not its own. To enumerate all those Englishmen with poetical pretensions, who have taken pleasure in attiring the Muse of Horace *à la Anglaise*, would be both tedious and unprofitable. Suffice it to say that there has never yet been, and probably there never will be, an entirely satisfactory translation. It must be remembered that Horace is a little deficient in conception, but that in execution he is a master. He has that brevity which is the very soul of wit; that elegance which captivates the reader; that playfulness which ensures good humour; that neatness which can suffer no disarrangement; and that simplicity which is of itself the best ornament: he has the art of pleasing the eye and the ear by the exquisite precision of his words, the smoothness of his rhythm, and the music of his metre, until the cravings of the heart and the understanding are well nigh forgotten; with him grace of language approximates to beauty of idea, and sonorousness of diction to sublimity of thought. No wonder, then, that a translator should often fail to do him justice; his spirit will not bear dilution; his substance is too thin to allow of expansion: and his embellishments are so artistically laid on, that a clumsy hand destroys their effect.

It is not difficult to assign the causes which have made Horace almost a household world in Merry England: his convivial humour commends him

at once to Englishmen's notice; his manly sentiments make them wish for his further acquaintance; and the common sense with which he abounds cements the friendship. He is intensely human and practical; he never soars into the realms of transcendentalism; he is a man of the world with whom anybody may associate without fear that he will fall into disagreeable reveries, like those heaven-born geniuses who write epic poems in twelve books with a dogged resolution worthy of a better cause. And so it is that Horace, more than any other poet ancient or modern, is quoted, at "the House," at dinner-parties, and at wine-parties, and translated, wholly or in part, upon a moderate calculation, about once a month. Mr. Theodore Martin has now added his name to the list of Horatian translators, and we have had great pleasure in reading some of his versions. At first we thought of comparing his book with those of Creech, Francis, Ravensworth, &c., but we found that the labour would be too Herculean; and to compare it with any single one we considered would be both unfair to Mr. Martin and unsatisfactory to ourselves. We therefore propose to review it without regard to any other performances of the same kind, except, of course, so far as memory insists upon the exercise of her office. Now the first idea which strikes us—and it is by no means original—is that a translation must be intended for the general public; for the critical Latin scholar would, for obvious reasons, take but little heed of it; certain passages he might, indeed, feel a curiosity about, but as soon as that was satisfied, he would lay aside the book with the simple reflection that *Illi robur et as triplex circa pectus erat*, who had sufficient determination to translate every Ode; the beginner would, for equally obvious reasons, be but little assisted by it; and therefore we suppose that the *whole* is likely to be of interest to those only, who, not having received a classical education, are anxious to know what those Roman Poets whom scholars make such a fuss about are really like. The style, therefore, of the translator should be as popular as due respect for the original will allow, and Mr. Martin has had so much experience as a translator, that we are not surprised to find he has, in many instances, hit this style exactly. The rendering of the 10th Ode, Book IV, shall bear us witness:

TO A CRUEL BEAUTY.

"Ah, cruel, cruel still,
And yet divinely fair,
When Tim, with fingers chill
Shall thine the wavy hair,
Which now in many a wanton freak
Around thy shoulders flows,
When fads the bloom, which on thy cheek
Now shades the blushing rose;
"Ah, then as in thy glass
Thou gazest in dismay,
Thou'lt cry, 'Alas! alas!
Why feel I not to-day,
As in my maiden bloom, when I
Unmoved heard lovers moan;
Or, 'now that I would win them, why
Is all my beauty flown?'"

The 8th Ode of the First Book is written in a well-chosen metre, and there is uncommon grace and quaintness in the first verse:

"Why, Lydia, why,
I pray, by all the gods above,
Art so resolved that Sybaris should die,
And all for love?"

But the rest of the Ode is unequal, and how Mr. Martin could so have mistaken the spirit of the original, as to give us the *same paraphrased*, we cannot imagine. It is a complete misnomer: he should have said the *same parodied* or *vulgarised*: Horace is often playful, and sometimes a little indecent, but never vulgar. Odes 18, 25, and 31 of the First Book are very nicely rendered; though in the last we were puzzled at *Latoë* (sic), as though Mr. Martin considered Apollo of the feminine gender. The following verse from the 17th Ode of the Second Book, is, to say the least, quite equal to the original:

"Ah, if untimely Fate should snatch thee hence,
Thine, of my soul a part,
Why should I linger on, with deaden'd sense,
And ever-aching heart,
A worthless fragment of a fallen shrine?
No, no, one day shall see thy death and mine!"

And the subjoined verses have all the elegant simplicity of Horace:

"Within my dwelling you behold
Nor ivory, nor roof of gold;
There no Hymettian rafters weigh
On columns from far Africa;
Nor Attalus' imperial chair
Have I usurp'd, a spurious heir,
Nor client dames of high degree
Lacanian purples spin for me;
But a true heart and genial vein
Of wit are mine, and great men deign
To court my company, though poor.
For nought beyond do I implore
The gods, nor crave my potent friend
A larger bounty to extend,
With what he gave completely blest,
My happy little Sabine nest.
"Day treads down day, and sinks again,
And new moons only wax to wane,
Yet you, upon death's very brink,
Of piling marbles only think,
That yet are in the quarry's womb,
And all unmindful of the tomb,
Rear gorgeous mansions everywhere;
Nay, as though earth too bounded were,
With bulwarks huge thrust back the sea,
That chafes and breaks on Baie."

Though the ear is offended by the rhyme effected between "weigh" and the last syllable of Africa; Bala accounts for the syllabic division of the last word; but we wish the 11th line didn't smack so of the language of Uriah Heep. The 1st Ode of the 3rd Book is done with much spirit:

"Ye rabble rout, avaunt!
Your vulgar give o'er,
Whilst I, the Muse's own hierophant,
To the pure ears of youth and virgins chant
In strains unheard before!
"Great kings, whose frown doth make
Their crouching vassals quake,
Themselves must own
The mastering sway of Jove, imperial god,
Who from the crash of giants overthrown
Triumphant honours took, and by his nod
Shakes all creation's zone.
"Whate'er our rank may be,
We all partake one common destiny!
In fair expanse of soil,
Teeming with rich returns of wine and oil,
His neighbour one outvies;
Another claims to rise
To civic dignities,
Because of ancestry, and noble birth,
Or fame, or proved pre-eminence of worth,
Or troops of clients, clamorous in his cause;
Still Fate doth grimly stand,
And with impartial hand
The lots of lofty and of lowly draws
From that capacious urn,
Whence every name that lives is shaken in its turn.
"To him, above whose guilty head,
Suspended by a thread,
The naked sword is hung for evermore,
Not fests Sicilian shall
With all their cates recall
That zest the simplest fare could once inspire;
Nor song of birds, nor music of the lyre,
Shall his lost sleep restore:
But gentle sleep shuns not
The rustic's lowly cot.
Nor mossy bank, o'er-canopied with trees,
Nor Tempe's leafy vale stirr'd by the western breeze.
"The man, who lives content with whatso'er
Sufficeth for his needs,
The storm-toss'd ocean vexeth not with care,
Nor the fierce tempest which Arcturus breeds,
When in the sky he sets,
Nor that which Hecuba, at his rise, begets:
Nor will he grieve, although
His vines be all laid low
Beneath the driving hail,
Nor though, by reason of the drenching rain,
Or heat, that shrivels up his fields like fire,
Or fierce extremities of winter's ire,
Blight shall o'erwhelm his fruit-trees and his grain,
And all his farm's delusive promise fail.
"The fish are conscious that a narrower bound
Is drawn the seas around
By masses huge hurl'd down into the deep;
There at the bidding of a lord, for whom
Not all the land he owns is ample room,
Do the contractor and his labourers heap
Vast piles of stone, the ocean back to sweep.
But let him climb in pride,
That lord of halls unbless'd,
Up to his lordly nest,
Yet ever by his side
Climb Terror and Unrest;
Within the brazen galleys' sides
Care, ever wakeful, sits,
And at his back, when forth in state he rides,
Her withering shadow sits.
"If thus it fare with all;
If neither marbles from the Phrygian mine
Nor star-bright robes of purple and of pall,
Nor the Falernian vintages of gold,
Nor costliest balsams, fetch'd from farthest Ind,
Can soothe the restless mind;
Why should I choose
To rear on high, as modern spendthrifts use,
A lofty hall, might be the home for kings,
With portals vast, for Malice to abuse,
Or Envy make her theme to point a tale;
Or why for wealth, which newborn trouble brings,
Exchange my Sabine vale?"

Isn't a lordly nest, though, a little paradoxical? But space will not allow us to bring forward any more of Mr. Martin's translations in proof that they have much merit: we wish we could say they are free from demerit. Unfortunately we observe that even he has not been able to abjure the errors of diffuseness, forcible impressment of weak adjectives, common-place expressions, undesirable introduction of the adverbs *alway* and *evermore*, after the *N. Tate* and *N. Brady* fashion; and the scholar suffers much auricular injury from rhymes formed between the last syllable of *Acrocerania*, *Bandusia*, *Lydia*, &c., and such words as *day*, *say*, *they*, &c.; *Quiritians* moreover is a vile word; nor do we feel at all easy at being obliged, as we very often were, to read poetry as though it were an exercise in monosyllabic pronunciation; for instance, if we are not mistaken, we were forced to read *maddening*, *fiery*, and other words of the same kind, as three distinct syllables, and *Bandusia*, *Septimius*, &c. as four distinct syllables; we are aware that there are cases in which such usage is not only defensible but desirable; it seemed to us, however, that we were suffering only from caprice. As to the *Pyrria* and the *Amebean Ode*, we think that they are as well done as any we have seen, with the exception of Mr. Gladstone's rendering of the latter. There is a very fair *Life of Horace*, spoilt by some unaccountable misplacement of the pages, and by a misprint which represents Ovid as writing "Dum fecit Ausonia carmina culta lyra" at the commencement, and some interesting notes at the end, in which Mr. Martin has displayed his powers of translation in a few versions of Catullus, very readably performed, and of selections from Horace's Satires. We must conclude with the sensible motto which the translator has prefixed to his book. He is indebted for it to Mr. Tennyson:

"What practice, howso'er expert,
In fitting aptest words to things;
Or voice, the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?"

SHORT NOTICES.

Passing Thoughts on Religion. By the Author of "Amy Herbert." (Longman.) The title of this book does not do justice to its contents. It is true that we are told that it is by the Author of "Amy Herbert," and Miss Sewell is always worth reading, and her name alone is sufficient recommendation for any work. But, if the title of a book is intended to convey at all the nature of the contents of the book, we think it is a pity that so light a name was given to a volume which really contains so much depth of thought, and so much practical wisdom and piety. We heartily recommend this book. It treats of every-day subjects in so sound and excellent a method, that its perusal cannot fail to do much good. It consists of nearly fifty short papers upon Luke xxii. and part of xxiii. and applies the different texts to matters of common life in that simple and earnest way which always commands interest and attention. It will be a serviceable and useful book for a present to anybody.

Heaven Fables in Christian Verse. By Ellen Roberts. (Nisbet & Co.) This is, at any rate, an original volume; and, moreover, the idea is good as well as new, and likely to be useful. The Fables of Æsop are known in both prose and poetry to almost every child who can read; but it is a fresh notion to make them subservient to the teaching of Christianity; and, without putting any force upon them, so as to wrest them out of their legitimate drift and application, to press them into the service of vital godliness. With regard to the poetry Miss Roberts makes no pretensions; and, in fact, the chief merit and interest of her book lie in the novel use made of the fables of Æsop. The following will give the reader a fair idea of Miss Roberts' plan, and of the way in which it is executed:

"THE PELICAN.

"HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR US."
"A tale, my reader, I have heard,
Of one fond, self-devoted bird,
Who for her young, by hunger press'd,
Once plunged her beak into her breast,

And pour'd from thence her warm heart's blood
To still their famish'd cries for food.
The picture in this story view
Of One who does much more for you;
Who bids you on His flesh to feed,
And says His blood is drink indeed.
Oh, look upon His pierced side!
Whence flows for you a crimson tide!
Behold the nails and cruel thorn
With which His head and feet are torn!
In this no fable we behold,
The tale is true that we are told;
Then see the ransom it has cost
To save our souls from being lost!"

Central Truths. By the Rev. Charles Stanford. (Jackson & Walford.) This is a volume of thirteen sermons delivered by the author during the past year to his congregation at the Baptist Chapel at Camberwell, and dedicated by him to his fellow-minister, Dr. Edward Steane. They are powerfully and popularly written, and will no doubt be successful.

The Weaver's Family. By the author of "Dives and Lazarus," &c. (Judd & Glass.) Strong sympathies and good intentions do not necessarily make good books. If they did, the "Weaver's Family" would be as fascinating as it is now wearisome, as enthralling as it is now heavy and painful. We cannot but respect the evident goodness of the writer's mind, but we cannot say that she has added to this goodness literary power of even the humblest order, or that her book is anything better than a weary dreary monotony of woe. We should hold the reader who fairly reaches the last page as a hero of no small prowess.

Trades Unions and Strikes. By T. J. Dunning. (M. Harley.) Mr. Dunning is secretary to the London Consolidated Society of Bookbinders, and drew up this paper at the request of the society, by whose authority it is published. Its main object is to defend trade societies against recent attacks, which, as we have before stated, were in some particulars erroneous. Although he acknowledges the law of supply and demand, he appears to overvalue mere fighting power, and talks as if it was always true that "he who can stand out longest in the bargain will be sure to command his own terms." Political economy is misapprehended as a mere collection of rules founded on experience, whereas it is an elucidation of principles, which is quite a different thing. Referring to the cost of strikes, he calls attention to the loss by reduction of wages, and shows that in a large trade a moderate reduction represents so vast a sum as to be worth contending for at great expense. Moreover, he asserts that the fact of strikes being expensive prevents employers from incurring them, as they would do if they lost nothing by them. No sincere friend of the working man desires to prevent his resisting the depreciation of his labour when he can do so fairly and successfully; but although strikes that fail have some influence in sickening both parties of hostile collisions, it is undoubtedly the case that the men are very liable to mistake the conditions under which their demands justify such a dangerous measure, and we see nothing in this pamphlet to guard against this error.

Synopsis der Drei Naturreiche. Bearbeitet von Johannes Leunis. (Hahn: Hanover.) This volume belongs to the zoological portion of Professor Leunis's work. It completes the family of Pediculina, and proceeds from the Spiders to the Sponges and Gregarina. It appears a painstaking compilation, and is illustrated by an immense number of woodcuts, mostly rough, but serviceable. We do not altogether admire the arrangement which is followed. The Polyzoa or Bryozoa, for example, retain their old place among the polyps, although, as is explained, their structure is very different, and the Volvox is set down as an infusorial animal, and not, as is generally admitted by modern observers, a member of the vegetable world. Like most German works of this description, it is published at a very low price.

The Bishop of Cork's Letter.—We have received the Bishop of Cork's very sensible and practical "Letter to the Laity" of his diocese in communion with the Church of England and Ireland; as well as a copy of his Lordship's speech upon the proposed alteration of the marriage law,

delivered in the House of Lords last year, printed together with some remarks upon the Bishop of Exeter's late letter to the Bishop of Lichfield upon the same subject. The first of these pamphlets we alluded to in a recent number. All that we can do now is to recommend it most highly to all who care to read a well digested and thoughtful paper on the nature and tendency of what is called *revivalism*.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- American Securities: Practical Hints on Tests of Stability and Profit. 8vo. 1s.
Amy's Kitchen; by the author of "Trap to Catch a Sunbeam," 12mo. 1s.
Baily (L. R.), Perils of the Sea, and their Effects on Policies of Insurance. 8vo. 12s.
Baldwin (E.), Outlines of English History, new ed. 12mo. 1s.
Brough (R.), Which is Which; or, Miles Casady's Courtship, 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Bryce (J.), Arithmetic of Decimals, 2nd ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Burton (J.), Christian Devotedness; or, the Glorious Life of a Christian. 12mo. 4s.
Church in Babylon, and other Poems. 12mo. 1s.
Coming Crisis; or, Bible Chronology in Relation to Prophecy, 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Commercial Hand-book; by a Man of Business. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Conybeare (W. J.), Family Prayers for a Week. 12mo. 1s. 6d.
Crichton (Kate), Before the Dawn; a Tale of Italy, 2nd ed. 3 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Crom (J.), American Pastor in Europe; Edited by Dr. Cumming, 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Cumming (J.), The End; Proximate Signs of the Close of this Dispensation, new ed. 12mo. 5s.
Darton's School Library: John's History of England, new ed. 12mo. 1s.
De La Motte's Embroiderer's Book of Design. 8vo. 3s. 6d.
Duncan's New Testament in Greek, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Eusebii (A.), Treatise on the Nature and Personality of God, post 8vo. 5s.
Elliot (J.), Elementary Mathematics: Part I. Algebra, 4th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Examination Papers. Cambridge, Dec. 1859, 8vo. 9s.
Fathers and Historians of the Church. Extracts from, 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Fisher (G.) Instructor, or Young Man's Companion, new ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Goach (J. H.), The Church Catechism Expanded, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Grosvenor (J.), Government upon First Principles proved Analogically. 8vo. 7s. 6d.
Hardwicke's Shilling Peersage for 1860. 37mo. 1s.
Hoare (W. K.), The Veracity of the Book of Genesis. 8vo. 6d.
Hunt and Blackett's Standard Novels: Life for a Life; by author of "John Halifax," 5s.
Hutton (J.), Devotional Exercises for Families and Individuals, 4th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Ingoldsby Legends; or, Mirth and Marvel, 18th ed. 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s.
Kirby (M. & E.), Lucy Neville and her Schoolfellows. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Lardner (D.), Natural Philosophy for Schools. 3rd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Latham (B. G.), Elementary English Grammar for Schools, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.
Le Page's Echo de Paris, 31st ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
Llandaff (Bp. of), Some Account of the Fabric of Llandaff Cathedral, 2nd ed. 4to. 11s.
Locke (A.), Lorraine; or, the Waters, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.
Lynch (M.), Story of the Patriarchs. 12mo. 4s.
Lyttel (E. B.), Works: vol. 6, cheap ed. 12mo. 2s. 6d.
McCulloch (J. R.), Article on Taxation. 4to. 3s. 6d.
McPhun's New Pocket Lawyer of Scotland. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Mill (J.), Fossil Spirit's a Boy's Dream of Geology, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.
Napoleon III. on England: Selections from his Writings, by Simpson. 12mo. 5s.
New Lights and Shadows on the Wall; 3rd series. 12mo. 1s.
Newth (S.), Elements of Mechanics. 3rd ed. post 8vo. 8s. 6d.
Nicholson (P.), Guide to Railway Masonry, 3rd ed. post 8vo. 9s.
Owen (H.), Paleontology; a Summary of Extinct Animals. 8vo. 16s.
Parlour Library: Hook's Fathers and Sons. 12mo. 2s.
Perrin's French Fables, new ed. 12mo. 2s.
Queen's Regulations and Orders for the Army, pocket ed. 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Railway Library: Lost Ship; by the author of "Cavendish," 12mo. 2s.
Redford (R. M.), Light Beyond; Thoughts to Help and Cheer. 2nd ed. 12mo. 2s.
Saul (J.), Tutor's School Assistant, by Maynard, new ed. 12mo. 3s.
Scott (Sir W.), Red Gauntlet, railway ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d. and 2s.
Smith (J. W.), Natural Law Procedure, or the Technical System in the Courts of Common Law. 12mo. 2s.
Stark (R. M.), Natural History of British Mosses, new ed. 16mo. 7s. 6d.
Stray Leaves, in Prose and Verse. 16mo. 3s. 6d.
Szemere (B. De.), Hungary from 1848 to 1860. 12mo. 6s.
Tidwell and Little's Practice of Evidence in Cases of Divorce. 12mo. 7s. 6d.
Trafford (T. G.), Too Much Alone. 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.
Weale's Rudimentary Series: Abel, on Construction and Working of Machinery. 12mo. 1s. 6d. Atlas of Plates. 7s. 6d.
Whewell (W.), On the Philosophy of Discovery. 12mo. 1s.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 18th February, 1860, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturdays, free days, 4,407; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 3,515. On the three Students' days (admission to the public 6d.) 1,225; one Students' evening, Wednesday, 497. Total, 9,644. From the opening of the Museum, 1,284,026.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—Return of Admissions for Six Days ending Feb. 17th, 1860: Number Admitted, including Season Ticket Holders, 10,444.

Messrs. Chapman and Hall have, we understand, the following books in the press, and nearly ready:—"Lucille, a Poem," by the Author of "The Wanderer," "Clytemnestra," &c.; "Poems before Congress," by Elizabeth Barrett Browning; A New Novel, in 3 vols., by Anthony Trollope;

A Biography by Thomas Adolphus Trollope; "The Garden that paid the Rent"; in 2 vols., "Poems Tragedies, and Essays," by William Caldwell Roscoe, edited, with a Prefatory Memoir, by his brother-in-law, Richard Holt Hutton; "Lyrics and Legends of Rome," with a Prologue and Epilogue, by Idea; A Volume of Sermons by the Rev. J. M. Bellet; Vols. I. and II. (to be completed in 3 vols.) "History of Italy," from the Abdication of Napoleon, by Isaac Butt, M.P.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

Paris, 22nd February.

On the evening of the very day on which I wrote to you last week took place the *fête* of which I told you, at Prince Napoleon's Roman (or Pompeian) villa in the Champs Elysées. It was a curious one, but not altogether so curious as had been anticipated. Only the actors were in Greek costume. The guests were attired as they chose. This *fête* has, however, been very properly criticised from a moral and social point of view. The chief amusement consisted of a play by M. Emile Augier, entitled *Le Joueur de Flûte*; a play, be it observed, so very immoral (to use a gentle term— for I could use a much harsher one), that when performed at the Odéon some three years back, it was withdrawn, because it was not thought fitting for the public. The subject is one so very hazardous that I cannot even allude to it here: it belongs to the order of subjects denominated exclusively "classical" (!) and, assuredly, the more respectable of the ladies who were present the other evening at Prince Napoleon's, must have found themselves in a most uncomfortable position. The piece itself was preceded by a Prologue from the pen of Théophile Gautier, which was really clever and ingenious, though somewhat servile. Still, it might easily have been more so, as times (and men) go in France; and, as it was pretty, its lack of dignity may be forgiven. Mlle Dubois, a charming actress of the Théâtre Français personated a young Pompeian girl, supposed to have been buried under the ruins of the city. She wakes; and, looking round, asks with astonishment whether all is a dream, and what has in reality occurred? Three thousand years find her where she was before; but then she says: "Who are these new Cæsars?" and she sees the bust of Napoleon I., and wonders, and inquires; and then, further on, she sees that of Napoleon III., and she wonders still more; and then, of course, comes a compliment to the actually existing "Cæsar," but this is about the only piece of servility in the Prologue.

It was much remarked that the Princess Metternich, with her diamond crown, was absent from this *fête*, and the real fact was that Prince Napoleon would not invite her! The Empress expressed her great desire that the Austrian Ambassador and Ambassadors should be among the guests at the *fête* of the "Roman Palace," as it is called, but Prince Napoleon flatly refused; saying that was his private abode, and he would only ask there the persons he liked and wished to see as private friends. He added that he did not like Princess Metternich, did not care for her "diamonds," and would not invite her. So the Austrian Ambassadoress "shone by her absence," as the French phrase runs.

I am glad to be able to announce that at the very last hour the sale of the *Journal des Débats* was not ratified by the "high contracting powers." The bargain was found to be an impossible one, because, in truth, for the large sum of two millions of francs, nothing would have been given in exchange beyond the title of the newspaper! all the principal contributors declaring their intention to withdraw, there was no object in purchasing what had in reality no value. The sale, therefore, which was already made, has been unmade and deferred. Some persons still say the sale will eventually take place, and some of the chief *rédateurs* be induced not to abandon the journal, because of a change of hands and opinions, but I confess I do not think this likely. The principal

writers of the *Débats* seeing their influence over the destinies of the paper, will not be likely to give up that influence in order to please some one individual who may regard two millions of francs as an agreeable sum to put into his pocket.

The election of Father Lacordaire is not at the close of all the incidents attending on it. It is not ratified by the Tuileries! This ceremony has to be explained. When a candidate is elected to a *fauteuil* at the Académie Française, his name is sent up to the Chief of the State, whoever that may be, for approval, and the habitual form is to ask for the day and hour at which the Sovereign will give an audience to and receive the new member! Invariably the reply to this demand comes in the space of forty-eight hours, and the new member is then taken by the *Secrétaire Perpétuel*, and the Trimestrial Director, and presented to the Head of the State. Now, in cases where an opposition candidate has been elected, such as, for instance, the Duc de Broglie or the Comte de Falloux, the answer of the Emperor has never had to be waited for, but has always come immediately, and in this instance alone is there a marked departure from the customs of etiquette. Nineteen days have now elapsed since the Perpetual Secretary sent in his official demand touching the presentation of the Père Lacordaire, and as yet no answer has been vouchsafed. It is not believed that Louis Napoleon will go to the ridiculous length of refusing to ratify the election altogether, but he has not been able to refrain from showing his extreme ill humour at the whole circumstance.

Another event, which has been exceedingly active in awakening public curiosity, has been the trial of Emile Ollivier. This took place last Friday. The preliminaries may be recalled in a few words. Emile Ollivier had several weeks ago accused the bench (in a trial for a "misdeemeanor of the Press") of "exciting the worst political passions against the accused," and of flagrant "partiality." He was for this condemned arbitrarily by the presiding judge to be three whole months without exercising his profession as a barrister! He appealed from the decision, and the whole "Council of the Order" as it is termed, backed his appeal. His defender, M. Ploque, pleaded the incompetency of the Court of Appeal in such cases, wishing to have the case called before what are called "*hautes Chambres réunies*," namely, an assembly of all the Courts, which assembly has power to reverse a sentence. The Cour de Cassation, however, decided in favour of the competency of the Court of Appeal; so, on Friday last, the case came on in this Court. With great difficulty I managed to obtain an admission, and to be present at the entire proceeding. Emile Ollivier came into court attended by the four or five and twenty men who compose the whole "*Conseil de l'Ordre des Avocats*," and by, at the same time, some 300 members of the bar. I was told that scarcely one man belonging to the "young bar" was absent, and it certainly was extremely difficult for the public to find even standing room. The sitting was a curious one, on account of the people present, and the fusion of all parties that has grown out of recent events was never so evident. There was Berryer, the ultra-royalist, by the side of Jules Favre, the defender of Orsini, and Paul Andral, the Orleanist, by the side of Marie and Bethmont the republicans. Of course, there had never been a question of the sentence being modified; what was sought for was the mere demonstration, and that took place in certainly as complete a manner as could be conceived. The bench was composed of magistrates whom the greatest care had been taken to choose well. The men who could not take upon their consciences last winter to maintain the sentence against M. de Montalembert, had all fallen into great disgrace, and were replaced by a new set, who are supposed to be absolutely reliable for all the purposes of imperialism. So they have hitherto proved themselves, and naturally no one expected last Friday that such a bench would reverse the sentence passed against Emile Ollivier. Nor was this done, but the welcome given to Ollivier by

the public was not calculated to make the magistrates feel any doubt as to their own popularity or unpopularity. The universal sympathy is, of course, in this instance with the man who had dared to accuse a judge of what is perfectly notorious, namely, of subservieney towards the Government by which he is paid, and of an utter want of impartiality towards the accused.

The state of trade here, owing to the complete dullness of the carnival, is something quite alarming. The oldest established houses here are threatened with failure and ruin, and I know of one having lasted forty years, and whose chiefs avow that they only escape bankruptcy by the most disastrous sacrifices.

These few last days, however, there has been an attempt made in official circles at getting up some gaieties for the "*Jours Gras*," as they are termed, and four or five fancy and masked balls have succeeded each other. One was given by M. Fould, at the *Ministère d'Etat*, one by General Fleury, and one by the Prince de la Moskowa, the master of the hunting establishment. The latter was the most original and interesting. At M. Fould's and at General Fleury's the costumes and *masques* represented, more or less, the ordinary personages of history; there were the usual number of Mary Stuarts, and Charles V.'s, and François I.'s, and Indians, and Mexicans, and Jews, and Gipsies; but at the Prince de la Moskowa's, where only 150 persons were invited, there was an extraordinary invention resorted to. Every single person present was attired, not as a human being, but as an animal! There were stags, foxes, partridges, pheasants, and tamer creatures, such as barn-door fowls, ducks, geese, and rabbits. The quantity of hares was wonderful. But the most curious part of the whole was the orchestra. All the waltzes, polkas, and every other species of dance, were of a hunting nature; only the sound of horns and the *fanfares* were interspersed with the most singular sounds, such as the neighing of horses, the braying of donkeys, the crowing of cocks, the roaring of bulls, the death-bleating of deer, the crying of quails, and, in short, every note of "out-door" music that can be imagined. The invention succeeded; and M. de la Moskowa's ball has been pronounced to be the only really "lively" one of the Carnival, though at the same time it is thought to have been rather *fust*.

SCIENTIFIC.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—Tuesday, Feb. 28th, 3 o'clock: Professor Owen on Fossil Reptiles.—Thursday, March 1st, 3 o'clock: Professor Tyndall on Light.—Friday, March 2nd, 8 o'clock: Professor H. C. Roscoe on the Measurement of the Chemical Action of the Solar Rays.—Saturday, March 3rd, 3 o'clock: Dr. Lankester on the Relation of the Animal Kingdom to the Industry of Man.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—16th Feb., Earl Stanhope, President in the chair. The Marquis of Bristol exhibited a priced sale catalogue of the effects of the Countess of Dover, deceased in 1730. Mr. Woodward exhibited stone and bronze celtis found in Suffolk. Mr. Fortnum read an account of the earthenware plates set into the walls of Italian church towers. On these Mr. Franks, the Director, communicated some remarks.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.—Tuesday, Feb. 28th, at 9 P.M., the following papers will be read: Dr. Günther, Contributions to the knowledge of Himalayan Reptiles.—Dr. Crisp on the Causes of Death of Animals in the Society's Gardens, and other papers.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Tuesday, Feb. 28th, at 8 P.M.: Continued discussion upon Mr. Longridge's paper on the Construction of Artillery, and to the Vessels to resist great internal pressure.

INSTITUTE OF ACTUARIES.—Monday, Feb. 27th, at 7 P.M.: On some considerations suggested

by the Reports of the Registrar-General; being an inquiry into the question as to how far the inordinate mortality in this country, exhibited by these Reports, is controllable by Human Agency, by H. W. Porter, Esq., B.A.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF LONDON, SOMERSET HOUSE.—Thursday, March 1st, 8 P.M.

UNITED SERVICE INSTITUTION, WHITEHALL YARD.—Friday, March 2nd, 3 P.M.: Captain Tyler, R.E. on the Rifle and the Rampart, or the Future of Defence.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Papers to be read at the next meeting, on Thursday, March 1st, at 8 P.M.: Dr. Anderson on a new genus of Caryophyllæ:—W. Archer, Esq. on the value of Hairs, as a character, in determining the limits of subordinate groups of Composite:—Rev. C. Parish, Botanical Notes made during a tour to Moolmyne:—R. Spruce, Esq. on the Mosses of the Amazon and Andes.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Paper to be read Feb. 29th: On the Classification of the Lias of the South of England, by Dr. T. Wright, F.G.S.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.—Evening meeting, Monday, 27th Feb. 8½ P.M., papers to be read: 1. Africa, S., Discovery of a new River flowing to the East, in Lat. 17° 30' S., Long. 19° E., by C. J. Andersson, Esq.—2. Proposed Expedition up the Congo, by Capt. N. B. Bedingfeld, R.N., F.R.G.S.—3. Proceedings of the British North American Exploring Expedition between the Rocky Mountains and Vancouver Island, by Capt. Palliser, F.R.G.S., communicated by the Duke of Newcastle.

ROYAL SOCIETY, March 1.—Professor C. Matteucci, on the Electrical Phenomena which accompany Muscular Contraction.—Dr. C. B. Radcliffe, an Inquiry into the Muscular Movements resulting from the Action of a Galvanic Current upon Nerve.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—Wednesday, 15th February. W. R. Grove, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., in the chair. Mr. J. T. Bateman was elected a member of the Society. The paper read was On Figure Weaving by Electricity, by Mr. Le Neve Foster, M.A., Secretary of the Society of Arts. The author began by giving an outline of the principal arrangements which had been introduced as modifications of the ordinary loom previously to the invention of Jacquard, which had exercised such an important influence on the art of weaving. It was worthy of notice that the attention of Jacquard had been first drawn to the subject by seeing in a French newspaper an extract from the Premium List, then issued by the Society of Arts. Mr. Foster briefly described the mode in which this loom acts, pointing out the expensive and elaborate preliminary operations which were necessary before a set of Jacquard cards suitable for one particular pattern only, could be prepared. It was not therefore surprising that constant attempts should have been made to simplify this branch of manufacture, and in 1844 an arrangement, invented by Mr. W. C. Riding, had been rewarded by the Society of Arts. Other inventions were also mentioned, particularly that of Mr. Bennett Woodcroft. The author then proceeded to describe the invention, which was the more immediate object of his paper. M. Bouelli, the Director-General of Sardinian Telegraphs, had recently invented an arrangement which promised to supersede the cards of the Jacquard loom. For these he substitutes bands of paper covered with tin-foil, on which the required pattern was drawn with a non-conducting varnish. These bands are caused to pass under a series of thin metal teeth, each of which is in connection with a small electro-magnet. In a moveable frame opposite the ends of the electro-magnets are a series of small pistons, which pass through holes in a brass plate, forming a sort of universal Jacquard card, and by means of the alternate making and breaking of contact produced by the metallised band, these pistons are made to open and close at the proper moment the holes requisite to form the pattern. The author described this arrangement in detail, and in conclusion pointed out some of

the principal advantages which M. Bouelli claims as the results of his invention. These were, 1st. The great facility with which productions of the pattern may be obtained on the fabric. 2nd. That without changing the mounting of the loom or the pattern, fabrics thinner or thicker can be produced by changing the number of the weft, and making a corresponding change in the movement of the pattern. 3rd. That while the loom and its mounting remain unchanged, the design may be altered in a few minutes by the substitution of another metallised paper having a different pattern. 4. The power of getting rid of any part of the design if required, and of modifying the pattern. Comparisons of the relative cost of producing a pattern by this means and by the Jacquard apparatus, appeared very much in favour of the former, the saving being stated to be as much as from 70 to 80 per cent.

A discussion ensued, in which Messrs. T. Winkworth, W. E. Newton, J. Graham, J. Topham, John Wilson, W. Smith, J. Scholefield, Robinson the Chairman, and others took part.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.—On the 14th Mr. S. A. Longridge read a paper "On the Construction of Artillery and other Vessels to Resist Great Internal Pressure." The object of the author's experiments was to construct a cylinder so that each concentric layer should bear its due proportion of the strain. To accomplish this he considered that each layer should be in a state of "initial stress, so that when the pressure was applied the sum of the initial and induced stresses should be a constant quantity throughout the whole thickness of the cylinder." Accordingly he forms his gun or cylinder of a thin internal case covered with coils of wire laid on in a state of tension. He claimed no exclusive merit for this idea, which he had laid before the military authorities with the customary result. Speaking of hoops, he remarked:

A very slight error in workmanship would produce a most serious effect. Taking for instance an 8-inch gun constructed of four concentric hoops, the total thickness being 6½ inches, an error of $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch in the size of the outer ring would reduce its strength by 43 per cent. (Is not this a misprint?)

Wire, on the other hand, afforded the greatest possible facility of construction, and the coils might be laid on with the utmost accuracy, as regarded tension, and with the same ease and regularity as thread was wound on to a bobbin.

The first series of experiments tried by the author were made with brass cylinders, 1 inch internal diameter, and $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch thick. Into these various charges of powder were put, and the ends hermetically sealed. The total capacity of these cylinders was 235 grains of powder. One of these cylinders was burst with a charge of 50 grains. Another exactly similar, but covered with four coils of $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch steel-wire was uninjured by a charge of 200 grains.

It having been objected that owing to the brittleness of cast-iron, it would be impossible to use it in conjunction with wire, cylinders of cast-iron of the same size were prepared. Some of them were entirely filled with powder (310 grains), which was then exploded without injury to the cylinder. In this case the cylinders which were $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch thick, were bound round with ten coils of iron wire, No. 21 gauge, or $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch diameter. The bursting charge without wire was 80 grains.

After this a small gun was made of cast-iron covered with wire. The chase was 3 feet long and the calibre 3 inches. The cast-iron at the breech was $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch thick, and decreased to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch at the muzzle. Iron wire $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch diameter was used, there being twelve coils at the breech, and four coils at the muzzle. The total weight of the gun with its wrought-iron trunnion stock was 3 cwt. With this gun, and an elongated shot weighing 7½ lbs. and with 110z. of Government cannon powder, a range of upwards of 1500 yards was attained, the elevation being 7°.

Another application of the principle was stated to be to the cylinders of hydraulic presses, and an instance was given of a cylinder of 6 inches internal diameter, made of cast-iron $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch thick, and covered with twelve coils of $\frac{1}{16}$ of an inch wire. This cylinder was proved up to 6 tons per square inch, when it gave way by the sides shearing off the bottom plate. The cast-iron was not shattered, nor was a single coil of the wire injured.

It was stated that these cylinders could be made at one-fourth the weight, and at about one-half the cost, than the ordinary hydraulic-press cylinders; and that their lightness was of great importance, when intended for export to South America and other countries, where the means of transport for heavy machinery did not exist.

MANCHESTER LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.—IRON SHIPS.—On the 7th inst. Mr. Fairbairn read a paper on iron ships. Supposing such a ship exposed to the severest strain by stranding upon a ledge of rocks on its centre,

leaving the ends swinging, he found that the strength of present form of construction was insufficient to prevent her breaking in the middle. He therefore proposed "a large increase in the sectional area of iron in the upper part of the vessel," by introducing "two rectangular and two triangular cells of wrought iron (similar in principle to those of the Britannia and Conway tubular bridges) placed longitudinally under the upper deck of the ship." He also thought that by the introduction of a new system of chain riveting along the decks and upper portions of the sheathing an increase of 30 per cent. in resisting power could be obtained. In the present construction the iron was distributed uniformly, by which much strength was wasted. To resist transverse strains and economise material, it should be collected towards the top and bottom in the transverse vertical section and towards the centre in the longitudinal section.

THE GLACIAL PERIOD.—Mr. Hull read a paper "On the Vestiges of Extinct Glaciers in the Highlands of Great Britain and Ireland."

The results at which he had arrived fully bore out the conclusion of Professor Ramsay, that there have been three distinct periods in the glacial history of these Islands. First, a period when the glaciers extended very far down the main valleys, as those of Conistone, Windermere, and Borrowdale. Second, a period of submergence, when the sea reached an elevation of more than 1200 feet on the Westmoreland and Cumbrian mountains, and 2500 on those of North Wales, clothing their flanks with marine Boulder Clay. Third, a period of re-elevation, when the glaciers descended the minor or secondary valleys, ploughing out the drift, and leaving behind the perched blocks and moraines at present in existence.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—On Friday last Professor Phillips Tre, outgoing president of the society, delivered the Annual Address, in which he gave an able review of the philosophy of Geological science, showing that identity or similarity of fossil remains must be regarded—notwithstanding attempts to invalidate such a conclusion—as proofs that the formations containing them belonged to the same period, and that thus a veritable geological comparative chronology could be obtained. He entered at considerable length into the question of the distribution of organic remains, and their relation to the mineral composition of the strata in which they are found. He likewise pointed out their relation in time, and the occurrence of periods of maximum development. Speaking of the views of Darwin and others who have adopted wide theories of the modification of species, he showed that to some extent these ideas had been anticipated by Linnæus, and contended that whether they should prevail, or fall to the ground, the fundamental reasonings of geology would not be invalidated, as the relation of particular organic forms to time and place would remain the same whether those forms were regarded as newly created species, or modifications of others that had gone before. He spoke somewhat severely of attempts to compute geological periods in actual time, for which the data were incomplete. Many of the observations on the distribution of organic remains were highly important, but as the address will be published we reserve further comments. In speaking of the persistence of some organic forms through very long periods without change, he paid a well-deserved tribute to Mr. Rupert Jones' labours on the Foramenifera.

NEW ELECTRIC TELEGRAPH.—M. Ch. Moncel recently exhibited at the *Cercle* in Paris, the method of employing a telluric current, devised by MM. Hogg and Pigott. Instead of a plate of copper and one of zinc, these gentlemen conceived the idea of using three metals, one of which should be at once electro-positive and electro-negative in relation to the two others, which is the case with copper, iron, and zinc. They therefore bury three plates of these metals, placing the iron plate "en rapport" with a junction-piece (*conjoncteur*) attached to the telegraphic apparatus and to the manipulator. The two sets of telegraphic apparatus are attached to the wire of the line, and the two contact-makers of the manipulator correspond in each station with the plates

of copper and zinc. When the zinc contact-maker is depressed, a telluric current passes through the apparatus in one direction (*dans un sens*), and when the copper contact-maker is depressed, in a contrary one. M. Pigott has found that the dimensions of the plates should vary according to the length of the circuit, and that their surfaces should be augmented in proportion to the square roots of those lengths.

JAPAN ISINGLASS.—Mr. J. Horsley, writing to the *Chemical News*, describes a substance recently imported from Japan, requiring longer boiling, and more water for its solution, than ordinary isinglass, and the resulting jelly is neither so bright nor so firm. He finds that it is not an animal substance at all, but a preparation of pectin or vegetable jelly, which may be useful as an article of diet for invalids.

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.—As this substance may be used for many purposes besides photography, we give a method of preparing it as stated in the *Photographic News*, by immersing sheets of gelatine in a solution of alum or acetate of alumina.

GUMS.—M. Frémy affirms gum-arabic to be not a single substance, but a compound of gummie acid and lime. Acids change soluble gummie acid into an insoluble isomeric substance, which he calls "metogummie acid."

JAPANESE SCIENCE.—The interesting letters from Japan in the *Photographic News* contain numerous illustrations of Japanese civilisation and science; and in that of last week we find an ingenious method of getting water from the bottom of a deep lake. For this purpose a cone-shaped earthenware bottle was employed, having a hole at its apex and a very small one at the broad part, which was stopped by a gum soluble in water. The bottle was then sunk apex downwards by means of a weight and a line, and allowed to remain about a quarter of an hour at the bottom of the lake, by which time the gum was dissolved and entrance for the water obtained, the air being forced out through the little hole at the bottom. It was then drawn up, and the hole at the bottom plugged with a tiny wooden peg.

Journal of the Bath and West of England Society for the Encouragement of Agriculture. Vol. VIII. Part I. (Ridgway).—This number contains a Report on the Barnstaple Exhibition and several prize essays, together with notices of farming in North Devon and Dorsetshire. One of the prize essays is on "Pigs," and another by Dr. Lang on the Culture of the Potato. He affirms that "the vigour of the set does not wear out by length of years," and that sound potatoes may be grown from diseased sets; he also denies the influence of soil in predisposing to disease, but that some manures have such an effect—farnyard manure, for example, although it increases the yield. He recommends early planting. He prefers white to coloured sorts, avoids nitrogenous manures, and employs lime and salt in the proportion of 8 tons of lime with 3 cwt. of common salt to an acre. He likewise recommends cultivators to grow exclusively potatoes that ripen early, and if the disease appears, to earth up the stalks. In a note on this article the editor states the Old Red, the Golden Dun, and the Long Dun to be the most free from disease, and recommends cutting the sets from smooth, middle-sized, fully ripe potatoes, that have been kept dry, planting in fresh earth with a mixture of quicklime, and carefully avoiding rubbing off their first shoots. Another prize essay on the "Cider System," by Mr. Spender and Mr. Isaac, though lessened in value by its teetotal physiology, exposes the evil of paying agricultural labourers partly in cider, which deprives their families of the means of purchasing sufficient food, and encourages drinking to an extent which breeds disease. It appears that in cider counties from 20 to 30 per cent. of the labourer's wages are paid in cider.

On the Employment of Trained Nurses among the Labouring Poor. By a Physician. (J. Churchill.) The physician recommends that medical charities, such as dispensaries, should

employ well-trained nurses to attend on sick poor. The idea is benevolent, but it would be difficult to get women as well educated as he desires, to pass their lives in the squalid abodes which most need reform. The beneficial change must come by raising the condition of the people themselves.

FINE ARTS.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

[FINAL NOTICE.]

AMONG the downright Pre-Raphaelite pictures, one of the most notable is Mr. Egley's

"O sweet pale Margaret."

(542). "The pensive thought and aspect pale" of the youthful Tennyson's *Margaret* are represented with due emphasis by this somewhat tall lady in black. The sun that's "just about to set," and "arching limes so tall and shady," help the artist to a poetic effect, which the principal figure sustains. That is a very pretty boudoir in which she stands, gazing out on us with melancholy eyes. There is refinement of feeling and of painting in the picture, especially in the still life—that touchstone of refinement in a painter; the few graceful articles of *virtu*, which are fitly grouped around, are not merely lugged in for effect.

Grace and refinement, as well as earnestness, are shown by Mr. Winfield's 'Elaine' (561).

"—... and she mix'd
Her fancies with the sorrow rifted gloom
Of evening."

Here again the moment and natural effect chosen help the painter to a solemnity of motive he turns to fair account.

Another rigid Pre-Raphaelite who deserves a word of praise, is Mr. E. H. Barnes, for his 'Shadows' (195)—Lover's shadows falling in the twilight on the window of the slighted fair one; and for his 'Pantomime'—scene of child-enjoyment in the box of a theatre. There is honest endeavour in these mannered pictures.

From the new school, we pass to a mixed one in Mr. F. Underhill's 'Students' (247); something very like Paul Falconer Poole, in his earlier style. We have a good deal of nature and a good deal of convention; the convention not of a wholly right kind, the nature not infelicitous. Those fashionably attired ladies, sitting sketching by the sea-side, are a well-drawn and pretty group. Mr. Poole's influence again may be recognised in W. Underhill's 'Prawn Fishers' (47), in which rustic figures—their hair and garments floating in the wind—take the place of the genteel ones of his relative. It also is a picture of power and beauty in parts, if other parts be "morbid" in treatment.

Mr. T. P. Hall's 'Criticism' (249), is evidently one of the most popular pictures in the exhibition. Scene: An artist's studio, a fancy portrait on the easel, the demerits of which are being actively canvassed by cook, housemaid, and "buttons;" at which the unabashed painter peeps through the open door. The page lolls with disrespectful freedom in the easy chair; behind stand the two women; the housemaid, broom and dustpan in hand, disdainfully tossing her head;—cleverly painted figures, but with vulgar exaggeration. Is Mr. Hall's housemaid, by the way, in the habit of wearing slippers, and stockings down at heel? It is rather a snobbish picture. The painting of the subordinate parts is poor and slovenly. That antique cabinet has carving which would disgrace the worst modern antique. From the same hand we have two other clever pictures: 'The Anglers' (212), and 'The Imposition' (555). The subject of the latter is that of a famous picture by Mulready,—boys balking a blindfolded comrade of the promised cherries.

Mr. J. Clark's 'Dawning of Genius' (119),—a boy-artist taking the portrait of a mongrel dog, held on the table by the artist's little sister, while his brother looks on, is a very long way indeed from Mr. Clark's admirable 'Cottage Door,' of last year, which was a work of real promise, or rather of

fulfilment. 'The Dawning of Genius' reminds one of Bird, Wilkie's prosaic precursor.

So well praised by various friends has been Mr. G. Smith's 'Fondly Gazing' (135), a young mother lovingly gazing down on her sleeping babe in the cradle, as to leave little occasion for more praise. Very well painted is that interesting young blonde, and all accessories. We would simply remonstrate with the artist for painting her in artist's drapery of the most indeterminate kind, just to fulfil a preconceived scheme of harmonious deep-toned colours, instead of the actual pretty costume of Englishwomen in the year 1860.

To mention Mr. E. J. Cobbett's 'Welsh Interior' (541), and 'Brittany Interior' (544), will of itself suggest to the exhibition-goer two capably painted "domestic pictures," of subjects very familiar to exhibition-goers, a mother knitting and the like. Both are faithful to nature within this artist's limited tether; both are deep and full in colour.

Every lover of dear old George Cruikshank (and who is not?) is of course arrested by his name in the catalogue; and feels it incumbent to look at the veteran humourist's two little canvases: 'Sir Walter Raleigh smoking his first Pipe in England, and his Servant throwing,' &c., (32), and 'Queen Mab' (511). The first singularly novel and unhackneyed subject is genially and pleasantly treated in this quaint interesting sketch of an Elizabethan fireside. Not so pleasant at first glance is the recumbent mask-like face, over whose big nose lies, what looks like the twig of a tree, but which, closely examined, turns out to be a fairy procession full of grotesque fancy.

What shall we say to Mr. Hopley's 'Ordering of Colour' (564)? the old story of Newton, his niece, and the prism. A very weak old gentleman is sitting in a chair evidently made as well as painted in 1859. The lady, who "is described by Sir David Brewster as having been the ornament of her uncle's domestic circle," and in fact was a celebrated beauty and wit, is not fascinating here; but is a mere flutter of painters' finery and morbid colour.

Among the few forlorn representatives of the high historic hangs neglected Mr. Parriss's 'Joy Cometh in the Morning' (514). An Academic, no, an un-Academic, bevy of ladies in blue, yellow, or lilac semi-draperies, very weak on their legs, yet spasmodically disporting themselves thereon. The ladies are not inspiring to look upon.

Mr. Lucy has renounced large canvases, but not the heavy historical, nor subjects stale, as 'The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell' (528). Though the incident has been so often painted, Mr. Lucy's own extract might have suggested to him that the fact of a parting couple having so to "govern their emotion" as not to add to one another's distress, does not render it the more pictorial, apart from mere associations, and from the picturesque hat, black garments, and flowing wigs of Charles II.'s era. Mr. Lucy has indeed so "governed" the emotion of both figures as to leave none discernible. Admirable are the *sang froid* of the grave gentleman in black, the decent composure of the lady in the white satin slip and square-cut black dress, who bids an eternal adieu to her husband with her left hand, and holds the door in her right. The bishop indeed is fairly blubbing in the window, and wiping his eyes with his lawn sleeves. Poor old gentleman!

Of the landscapes much need not be said. There is not an elaborate oil-painting among them all, and more than all that is told by any of them could have been given in a modest water-colour drawing—and better given. One of the freshest landscapes in the rooms is 'The Needle Rocks, near Howth, Dublin' (2), of Mr. E. Hayes, which justly occupies a post of honour. The yeasty waves are in the act of tumbling with sullen roar on the shore, under a watery sky. The sea-gulls hover in clouds around the sharp island rocks; and the long line of cliff, terminated by the distant harbour and its lighthouse, is half hidden by the blinding spray. It is an honest, truthful scene,

with something of the poetic in it, which external nature always has. If we glance from this to Mr. Montague's 'Deserted Wreck—Winter Morning' (52),—the bare hull lying lonely under a grey, lonely sky, we recognise a really poetic motive, sympathetically treated: a rare thing in ordinary modern landscape. But if the salt transparent waves of Mr. Hayes be right, can the dark pea-green sea of Mr. Montague be also right? True, it is only dawn; but light from the east should have somewhere smitten these too solid waves.

"Beautifully picked out," said a bystander of Mr. E. W. Cooke's 'On the Coast of Devon,— painted on the spot,' in ultra Pre-Raphaelite style. And the expression well describes the picture;—if one had only brought a magnifying glass with one to "bring out" in another sense the capital geological study, the white cliffs, and pebbly shore present. If there were only an *atmosphere* and a sky worth looking at, the picture would be admirable—would be a picture in short.

Mr. G. Stanfield's 'Hay on the Meuse' (12) and 'Dinant on the Meuse' (536) have all that clever painting,—all that elaborate working up of pretty local hues to a totally false total, characteristic of the younger Stanfield. Admirable drop-scenes they would make for some miniature theatre. Does Mr. G. Stanfield ever look at the sky, or remember one when he has chanced to look that way? Mr. H. Dawson has looked and remembered. Witness his 'Nottingham' (62), which, if very mannered in handling, has much that is unconventional in spirit; and presents such a drama of beauty and colour in its sunset-sky, flooding the sluggish river, the posts, the cart, and the other objects in the foreground with that flush of glory we seldom see transferred to canvas. The Messrs. Danby, on the other hand, are perpetually asking themselves the question, how will such and such an "effect" do? how will such and such an object "come"? And Mr. T. Danby in his 'Morning on the Lake of Wallenstadt' (188) makes that boatman's red cap "come" so conspicuously as the key-note to his artificially arranged scheme of colour, that we see little else. No losing sight of that red cap!—Ah! unbelieving men! Nature is so much better than your studio-bred "dodges". As for Mr. J. Danby's 'Westminster Palace from the Thames' (378), we would rather be spared the odium of pointing out its baldness and poverty. One of the Williams' family—or firm—does better in his 'Lost and Saved' (213), a shipwreck scene in a stormy sea under a stormy sky; a really effective composition, one of the best we have for many a day seen from that too facile family. Pleasant delineations of pleasant Surrey scenes are Mr. Jutsum's 'Norbury' (21), with its sylvan wealth, Mr. Sidney Hery's 'Mill near Dorking' (182), a very lovely spot and familiar to us, the earnest beauty of which is not wholly missed here.

Other meritorious attempts might be singled out. But what a suspicious studio-look have the prevailing conventional blue skies, conventional clouds, lumbering and heavy! Who would think, on looking at them, that for an hour or two at the beginning and close of every day a drama of varied evanescent beauty is to be seen enacted above our heads? How many of these clever landscapists has

"The sounding cataract
Haunted like a passion?"

To how many have

"The tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours, and their forms,"

been a source of "aching joys" or "dizzy raptures"? And yet, if they have not so felt, what business have they with Nature, or Nature with them.

ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.
—To examine in detail this collection of 510 photographs as one would an exhibition of pictures, would be simply a vexation to the critic, a tedium to the reader: the more especially as among photographs there are no such discrepancies of merit and demerit as among pictures; though dif-

ferences there be. The great value of this collection to such as are not subscribers, entitled to select their guinea's worth, consists in the opportunities it presents for comparison of the architectures of different nations and of different ages. This very important service is much helped by the judicious hanging of the photographs in groups, each country by itself. The only subject for regret is that the selection should be so haphazard an one, utterly without relative proportion. While England is naturally represented by 224 photographs, nearly half the entire number, Northern Italy by 110, France by 77; all Germany, the Netherlands, and Switzerland send eight, all Spain 26, Constantinople eleven. There is again little judgment shown in the objects photographed. Often-depicted ones, like Rouen Cathedral, St. Ouen, Notre Dame, the Ducal Palace at Venice, occupy the place of those less known specimens which have never yet had their adequate delineator; and which would better subserve the professed object of the association of rendering the art of photography helpful to "the promotion of the knowledge of architecture."

Among the most interesting are the French photographs by Baldus, Bisson, and our own Vandal and Downes. Much matter for thought is presented by them: by the first-named Avignon city walls, and the Façade of St. Trophime at Arles,—a most interesting specimen of enriched Romanesque. Bisson sends a beautiful rendering of the richly sculptured portal of this same church and of its noble cloister. This photographer's renderings of various other French portals, the peculiar glory of French Gothic, those of Amiens, Bourges, Chartres, Rouen, Rheims, Strasbourg, Tours, exemplify the triumphs peculiar to the photographer. No drawing, no engraving, can hope to emulate the perfection with which these noble sculptures are transferred to paper. Where architecture is seen in its wider relation to external nature,—as the sunbeam plays about the building, or the lichen gleams thereon, *there* photography fails.

Still more valuable and pregnant with suggestion, as regards the subjects depicted, is the large collection from Northern Italy, by Ponti, principally from Venice and the Venetian States, in all stages of Gothic, from the purest to the latest most debased church and palace. From the Roman States Macpherson sends over and above a sufficiency of old familiar classic monuments, some interesting photographs of the cathedral of Assisi, and other Gothic specimens at Assisi; also one of the Fortress of Pope Paul III., with its ancient Etruscan Gateway at Perugia.

To the photographs of Jerusalem we anticipate occasion to return hereafter.

Among the numerous English photographs a regrettable tendency to the petty is observable; a fondness for mere "ruins," ivy-clad towers, and the like; a sad absence of system or definite aim, and, above all, of any endeavour to render our Gothic interiors. And these form the better part of English Gothic. In our northern climate the exteriors necessarily present the plainest, simplest aspect. The English sculptor was ever far behind the English architect; and the signal triumphs of his art are to be witnessed in interiors, such as those of Lincoln, Ely, Wells, and Salisbury. Endless photographs are needed daily to represent the various points of view which each fresh step in any such interior gives, the ever-shifting combinations of beautiful form, and the ever-varied groupings.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—The Institute of Architects has awarded its gold medal to Mr. Sydney Smirke, and a medal of merit to Mr. G. E. Street, for his essay on Medieval Woodwork, illustrated with pen and ink sketches.

Some of our contemporaries have fallen foul of an august personage for his alleged interference with the committee for the erection of a memorial of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and with their choice of Mr. Durham's design. August personage preferred a monument of the obelisk kind:

Committee was willing "to compromise." But after much official hesitation, the official mind decided, under august influence, we are told, that a site could not be granted in Hyde Park; and so a memorial of the Great Exhibition is to be put up, not on the spot it graced, but in the Horticultural Society's grounds; which is something like selecting Birmingham to celebrate Shakespeare's birthday in. The only memorial of the Exhibition which to us seems fitting, would have been the perpetuation on that spot of some noble design it had educed, say Marochetti's "Cœur de Lion."

The "Art-Union" offers a premium of seventy guineas for a group or statuette from English history; thirty guineas to the second best model; also a premium of one hundred guineas for a series of designs in outline to the "Idylls of the King," and insists, for these designs, on simplicity of composition and expression, severe beauty of form, and pure correct drawing. We hope they will get all. Does the Council think that the offer of a premium for such a poem would have educed the "Idylls" themselves? And if not in poetry, why in design?

Last week, in answer to a question from Col. Sykes, Sir C. Wood announced that the removal of the India Office from Leadenhall Street to the West End was determined on—for the present to the building erected by the Victoria Hotel Company—that the library was *not* to be dispersed; that the records, in their present home so carefully stored and indexed, were to be examined, and those of "no value" destroyed. As to the very interesting museum he was not explicit; but Great Russell Street would seem its destination. This is to be regretted. The East India House is an historical building; and fit uses might be found for it in there preserving and increasing the very interesting oriental collections it contains. The British Museum is already unmanageable enough. As regards destroying the records which are of no value, we entirely protest against the competence of any official to decide *that*. And such a statement excites the gravest fears. It is only literary antiquaries who know what documents are or may be historically useful. In all the public offices a system at present prevails of periodically looking through the documents, condemning in a rough way such as are useless, and sending them off to the paper-mills. This used to be sold as "waste paper" in London; and Mr. Rodd, the bookseller, bought waste paper which proved to be documents of the highest national importance. But paper-mills are now preferred; they tell no tales! If an antiquary knew that condemned papers of value to him are about to be thus destroyed, he is not allowed to purchase them. Most antiquaries are in possession of documents of great historical value, containing references to, and even endorsements in the hand of many a distinguished Elizabethan, documents bearing on the history of English trade, of English shipping, of English fire-arms, the history of Nelson himself: all obtained in a surreptitious manner from the sub-officials after having been condemned. The matter wants looking to by some independent member in the House. The only competent tribunal to sit on all records would, as we said, be a body of literary antiquaries. Cannot the State afford such a charge?

In answer to a question the other day as to the new bronze coinage, Mr. Gladstone stated the delay in its issue arose from the necessary time requisite to the perfecting of their work on the part of the artists employed—a very satisfactory reason. We are informed that Mr. Wyon had three sittings from her Majesty for her bust on this new bronze coinage; and of the new silver coinage for India. For the latter, the council for India have decided on a crowned bust of her Majesty, richly draped in India robes and necklace of jewels.

Last week a large portion of the stock of Mr. Kerslake, the well-known bookseller of Bristol, was destroyed by fire: which means the destruction of many a valuable MS., and rare illustrated volume,—of things which cannot be replaced,

vitally interesting to the man of letters, and the artist.

Mr. Ruskin is engaged on a volume on botany—artists' botany, that is,—a subject on which he will well know how to be eloquent and discursive, and on which his rare powers of observation eminently fit him to instruct us all.

Part VIII. of the "Illustrated Decorator" contains, among other articles of interest, an excellent one by the Editor, J. Wilson Ross, in a series of "Memoirs of Decorative Artists" on Quinten Matsys, the Flemish blacksmith and painter of the 15th century. It is a capital piece of compressed biography on a most interesting subject, a representative man,—representative of that mediæval growth of the Fine Arts out of the useful, of which we recently spoke. To us Quinten Matsys' admirable metal work is to the full as interesting as his quaint and individual pictures; the only work his fair and too arbitrary wife cared to see him busied with.

A choice collection of modern pictures and drawings, including those belonging to the late John Furze, Esq., was disposed of on Wednesday the 15th inst., by Messrs. Foster of Pall Mall. The following are worthy of notice. *Water-colour drawings*.—The 'Nave of Westminster Abbey during the Special Evening Service,' by Wyke Bayless, 24 guineas. 'The Railway Night Train,' by David Cox, 23 guineas. 'The Pass of Glencoe,' by T. M. Richardson, the exhibited drawing, 85 guineas. Four sketches, by Madame Bodichorr, exhibited last season at the French Gallery, viz., 'The Valley of the Hydra, near Algiers'; 'Morning in December'; 'View from Mustapha Supérieur, before sunrise'; 'Hydra Marabout and Arab Funeral, sunset, and 'Sidi Ferruch,' the place where the French landed in 1830, 54 guineas. *Modern Pictures*.—'The Industrious Wife,' a cottage interior, by G. Hardy, small, 30 guineas. 'A Shore Scene,' fishing smack just in, squally weather, by E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., painted in 1857, 140 guineas (Platon). 'Study of a Head,' for the Gil Blas picture by A. L. Egg, A.R.A., 21 guineas. 'The Champion,' a boyish scene in the Pyrenees, by A. Solomon, 56 guineas. 'A Landscape,' with cattle and sheep fording a stream, by Luke Clennell, from the Marlborough Collection, 38 guineas. 'Maidenhood,' by J. E. Collins, exhibited last year at the British Institution, 20 guineas. 'The Militia,' a humorous and vigorous sketch, by J. Philip, A.R.A., 36 guineas. 'St. Sophia, Switzerland,' by W. Linton, 85 guineas. 'The Gipsy Mother,' by Charles Baxter and H. Bright, 65 guineas. 'A Jeweller of St. Petersburg,' by W. Cave Thomas, 22 guineas. 'An Episode in the Life and Times of Savonarola,' by the same Artist. 'Da Peschia urging him to resort to ordeal by fire for a miraculous confirmation of his doctrines,' a capital work, 73 guineas. 'Rivalry,' a gallery work of great excellence, by the same, a composition of many figures, 120 guineas (Jacobs). 'A Lee Shore,' the impending storm, by Isabey, 25 guineas. 'Contemplation,' by H. Le Jeune, a small but admirably painted female figure, 44 guineas. 'The Death Bed of John Wesley,' by Marshall Claxton, the well-known engraved picture: sold without the copyright 66 guineas (Hogarth). 'The Wreckers,' by W. Shayer, Sen, the engraved picture, 79 guineas. 'The Wanderings of Orpheus,' by F. Danby, R.A., 46 guineas. 'The Rustic's Siesta,' by P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 41 guineas. 'Sabrina and her Nymphs,' the scene taken from Milton's *Comus*, by R. Howard, R.A., exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1819, 39 guineas. 'Autumn Scenery,' by Sydney Percy, a grand composition, exhibited, 90 guineas (Wallis). 'A River View by Moonlight,' by J. Linnell, the only moonlight scene he ever painted, oblong, 30 inches by 23, 141 guineas. 'The Meeting of Friends,' Scotch drovers in friendly chat with deer-stalkers, extensive Highland view, with droves of cattle; a capital work by the joint pencils of J. F. Herring and N. Bright, oblong, 5 feet 11 by 3 feet 5, 180 guineas (Gambart). 'The

Duchess,' a portrait of one of England's beauties, in a charmingly graceful costume *de Campagne*, by Charles Baxter, 77 guineas (Platon). 'The Bay of Naples,' the view of the town, with Vesuvius in the distance, and Pompeii calmly reposing at its base, by W. Muller, size 5 feet 5 by 3 feet, 300 guineas. The amount of this fine collection realised nearly 3000l.

At the French Gallery in Pall-Mall is now to be seen a collection of portraits of a few distinguished members of the *beau monde*. They are the property of the Countess Waldegrave, who seems to have had a fancy for assembling her friends around her on canvases; and are to be engraved by the Messrs. Holl and others. There are in all twenty-one, painted by Sant, with one exception, Lady Churchill, which is by Grant. Among the ladies may be mentioned Lady Constance Leveson Gower, the Marchioness Stafford, Lady Vernon, the Hon. Mrs. Stonor (the late Sir R. Peel's daughter), Miss (now Mrs.) Rothschild, Lady Sturt, the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Countess of Clarendon, the Duchess D'Aumale, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Countess Waldegrave. Many of these are happy "subjects" for the painter, if also dangerously difficult. Doubtless, in these days, when "Books of Beauty" have long ceased from the land, many will be glad to procure the reliable engraved likeness of some celebrated *belle*. Among the men, we have Lord Clarendon, Earl Grey, Lord Lyndhurst, the Bishop of Oxford, the Duke D'Aumale, Mr. Harcourt (Lady Waldegrave's husband). The portraits are *not* Reynolds's or Gainsborough's; but they are graceful and agreeable, if somewhat too *courtly*,—too little art put forth in *disguising* the flattery that is, or in bringing out nobler essentials of character and reality. The portraits of the Earl of Clarendon and of Earl Grey are characteristic; that of the dark-eyed Lady Vernon picturesque and telling. And in those of Lady Constance, and the Marchioness Stafford, there is nothing to belie the reputation for supreme beauty of the originals; the fate which too often attends the attempts of their would-be delineators.

In the same house are also to be seen some splendid paintings in water colours, among which we have been much struck with the power and breadth, and yet delicacy of tone, displayed in those of Mr. Edwin Toovey, an English artist residing in Brussels, who seems to be making his way there rapidly to fame and, we trust, to fortune also. The royal family of Belgium seem to have taken him under their especial patronage.

Messrs. Leggatt of Cornhill are exhibiting Maguire's large historical picture of 'Cromwell refusing the Crown,' which has already made the tour of the Provinces, in search of subscribers for the intended engraving. It is a powerfully painted picture in its difficult class, and not without veracity of intention at all events,—which is something. The painter evidently *believes* in Cromwell. The heroic man is standing on the dais, gravely and earnestly making his deliberate answer to the assembled Commons, who press around—a group which contains many noble and famous heads. He is not, as in some pictorial versions of the fact we remember, casting sheep's eyes at the bauble, and with difficulty resisting the sore temptation! Cromwell is carefully studied from the Cooper miniature. In one of the provincial puffs of this picture, Mr. G. M. Ward is adjured "to look to his laurels!" We suggest the subject of a painter thus engaged as a novel and striking one for our "factions contemporary." It has never yet been painted that we know of.

THE DRAMA.

We had omitted to chronicle last week a little piece by Mr. Palgrave Simpson—we had almost written "of course" from the French—called *First Affections*, the object of which is exactly the reverse of all novels and the majority of plays

which are written; they being enacted merely to show that there is nothing so enduring, so firm, so entrancing, and so excellent as first love, and this being written to prove that people fall in love without any thought, and that first affections very naturally die out—and a good job too! Fie, a thousand times fie, say we upon the *blasé* French dramatist, who first gave Mr. Simpson this idea upon which he has been able to construct a minikin drama of very ordinary quality, which, however, was completely successful. We confess we do not understand the modern comedietta. Its construction is so very slight, its morality so very weak, its dialogue so very rapid, its jokes so thin and ghostlike. A Captain and a Barrister, as like as two peas, being equal in their non-entity, figure in this and other "comediettas," they are both in love, generally with cross purposes; they both fear each other, deal equally in asides, and plague the hearts of the "dear girls" they are in love with; at the end of the first scene audience and personæ dramatis are equally perplexed; at the end of the second audience begins to have an inkling; at the close of the third the pit understands the asides, and the "dear girls" burst into tears; at the end of the fourth, they all burst into laughter, cross hands, change partners, look their very best at the audience, and are supposed to be happy, and so the piece ends. The great "fun" in this lay in a scene in which the Captain sits down to dinner, and is interrupted whilst taking his soup by his old flame, who asks him so many questions that he never can raise his spoon to his mouth successfully; at every interruption the audience laugh, a fact which says much for their good nature. The chief merit consists in its even acting, writing, and in its being put very nicely upon the stage; but neither Author nor Actors apparently think of any further effort than writing smoothly, and acting like a set of gentlemanly and ladylike amateurs. We confess that we do not see how the interests of the drama can be served by such very weak and washy sketches of middle class life. For ourselves we "are free to confess," as they say at St. Stephens, that we had much rather witness the most *outré* drama of the Porte St. Martin school, than such pieces as Mr. Simpson's *First Affections*.

The scheme for the amateur performance at the Lyceum by the members of the Savage Club goes on bravely. Miss Amy Sedgwick is to aid the amateurs by playing Lady Teazle, and in the rehearsals one or two gentlemen have been conspicuous for their ability. But the great card of the evening will be the burlesque of the *Forty Thieves*, to the composition of which all the known burlesque writers have come forward. On that Royal Blood, if not Royalty itself, will honour the performances by its presence. The whole of the pit will be taken up for stalls, and Mr. Mitchell, has, we hear, secured the whole of them.

The engagement of the Wigans at the ADELPHI has not proved so successful as the treasury could wish, and the *Dead Heart* has again been placed on the bills; it is but fair to own that many of the Theatres having during the last week experienced a considerable falling off in the number of their audience. The very unfavourable weather may have some effect in this. At the PLAYMARKET on Thursday night, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews appeared in a new comedy written by Tom Taylor, for a wonder original, except that the plot was partially cribbed from a French novel. It is called the *Overland Route*, and its plot is simply this:—On board the steamer *Samoon*, during its short passage from Aken to Suez, the Doctor of the vessel has been taken ill, and his place is supplied by Tom Dexter (Mr. C. Mathews) a steerage passenger who, half doctor, half literary man, has fallen from a high estate, and is knocking about in the world. Amongst the saloon passengers whom pride, place, money and society make very proud, haughty, priggish and disagreeable, he finds Sir Solomon Fraser, K.C.B. (Mr. Compton), Mr. Colepepper, an Indian Commis-

sioner, Captain Clavering, Miss Colepepper, with whom Tom is half in love, a rich widow, and others, forming of course a little world in themselves. Well, in the first act social distinction comes out; in the second the vessel, like the unfortunate Alma, is wrecked, and then comes out Tom's character. The third act takes place on the Magaffia reef in the Red Sea, whereon we find all the dramatis personæ safely got from the wreck by the exertions of Tom Dexter, the Captain being disabled. Then come out all the true characters of the people, the coward, the fool, the fop, the fribble are all shown up. Mr. Compton, as Sir Solomon, wanders about the stage with his hand to his mouth, having lost his false teeth, Mr. Colepepper turns up "a trump," and Miss Colepepper falls at once in love with the active energetic young Doctor, Captain Clavering, her former lover, being cashiered for poltroonery. In the midst of all this and amidst a cross fire of smart writing and comic incidents, a steamer bears down and all are rescued, leaving the audience comfortably in possession of the fact, that the right man having the opportunity, has come out at the right time, and has won the true-hearted girl, who, but for this wreck, would have been sacrificed to a schemer. Let us all hope that by some *hocus pocus* the wrong will come right in this world, although we doubt whether the rewards of bright eyes and a large fortune awaited Captain Baker of the Alma and the other brave men of the real Overland Route of last year. Mr. Taylor's comedy may be pronounced a genuine success. There was much newness as well as smartness in the writing, and the extreme liveliness of the whole, the excellent situations and clever positions into which all are thrown, would have given success to a far less meritorious piece than the present. Sir E. B. Lytton's comedy of *Money*, with Mr. George Melville as Evelyn, Mr. Ryder as Graves, Mr. Graham as Sharp, Miss C. Leclercq as Lady Franklin, and Mrs. C. Young as Clara, was on the same evening (Thursday) produced at the PRINCESS'S Theatre. The cast was very strong, and as a natural consequence, the admirably constructed play was reproduced with success; Messrs. Widdicombe and Shore especially distinguished themselves, and the whole of the dramatis personæ acted very carefully.

On the same evening Her Majesty honoured the ADELPHI Theatre to witness Mr. Philipps' drama of the *Dead Heart*. The house was very crowded, and the plot of the piece evidently pleased the Royal visitors; indeed the play never yet played so smoothly and so well.

MUSIC.

THE Sacred Harmonic Society's second performance of Mendelssohn's *Lobesang*, and Handel's *Dettingen Te Deum* last Friday, as far as the band and chorus were concerned, was in every respect equal to the first, but by many degrees inferior as to the principal singers. Madame Rudersdorff supplied the place of Madame Novello, but did not fill it to advantage in the slightest degree; her manner being more exaggerated than usual, which was needless, and her execution greatly inferior to that of her predecessor. Miss Rowland, recovered from her illness, fulfilled her duties respectably, but with no great success; whilst, in the absence of Mr. Sims Reeves, who scarcely ever can sing at two successive concerts of this Society, by reason of indisposition, Mr. Wilbye Cooper was but an inadequate substitute. Happily the services of these artists were not required on the *Te Deum*, Signor Belletti being the sole executant, and therefore that glorious hymn of praise was not in any measure shorn of its grandeur.

The Crystal Palace concert of last Saturday embraced the combined talent of Mlle Marie Wieck, a younger sister of the celebrated Madame Schumann, Mlle Piccolomini, who sings worse than ever, but with the usual amount of assurance that takes so marvellously with the public for talent. Sig. Belart, a most accomplished Spanish

tenor, Sig. Aldighieri, a second-rate Italian basso, and Sig. Gelardoni, who comes to London as a sort of rival to Sig. Bottesini, without possessing anything like the talent of that gentleman. The materials of which this concert was composed were of the usual miscellaneous character; good, bad, and indifferent, and the playful Florentine carried away all the honours, receiving encore upon encore, as if she were the very queen, instead of being only the *soubrette* of song. The instrumental parts of the scheme were conducted by Herr Manns, who is an intelligent musician, but much too fussy in his directions to the orchestra, and never for a moment quiet either in pose or manner. Sig. Arditì took charge of the vocal selections, and did his best to make the various specimens tell to advantage.

The inauguration of this year's series of the New Philharmonic Concerts, under the superintendence of Dr. Wyld, took place at St. James's Hall on Tuesday, when the programme included Beethoven's Fourth Symphony in B flat; Cherubini's much too little known Overture *Die Abencerragen*; Weber's glorious *Ruler of the Spirits*; Spohr's E minor violin concerto, some short pieces for the violoncello by John Sebastian Bach; Mendelssohn's Pianoforte Concerto in G minor. The Symphony and the two Overtures were very creditably given by a picked band of about eighty performers, and the violin concerto was carefully and accurately played by Mr. Blagrove, who, if he had but animation equal to his execution, would be a formidable rival to M. Sainton, no less than to Herr Joachim. We have been waiting for that animation, however, for more than thirty years, but it has not yet, nor can it be expected ever now to, come. The gem of the concert was Signor Piatti's interpretation of Bach's pieces, which exhibited both taste and talent of the most superb character. Not so Mlle Wieck's rendering of the Mendelssohn Concerto, which was dashed off at a rate that was electrical; beginning with a crash and ending with a flash, that astonished everybody but pleased nobody. The vocal music was entrusted to Madame Rudersdorff and Mlle Parepa, the first of whom attempted Mozart's great air "Parto," from the *Clemenza di Tito*, most exquisitely accompanied by M. Papé on the clarinet, and the well-known Romanza from the *Der Freischütz*, with the violin obligato, neatly played by Mr. Richard Blagrove, the younger brother of the first violinist of the evening. Mlle Parepa sang respectively the first air for Isabella, from Meyerbeer's *Robert*, and Mozart's "Batti," to which Signor Piatti's accompaniment was a charming addition. Beethoven's Chorus of Dervishes, from *The Ruins of Athens*, and Edward's old and favourite madrigal "In going to my early bed," were pleasing additions to the programme, and being well sung, attracted general satisfaction. Upon the whole, the New Philharmonic Society has this year begun well.

Mr. Ransford's Concert at St. James's Hall, may be mentioned as a gratifying and successful tribute to an old and time-honoured favourite. The selection was good, and the performers embraced the talent of Mr. and Mrs. Weiss, Mue Vinning, Miss Palmer, Miss Ransford; together with Messrs. Pratten (flute), Lazarus (clarinet), R. Blagrove (concertina), and Mrs. J. W. Davison (A. Goddard) (pianoforte).

Mr. Wallace's new and long promised opera *Lurline* was produced on Thursday at the Royal English Opera, and was favourably received. The late hour at which it concluded prevents our entering into its merits. Next week, however, we shall hope to do justice to them.

GLEES AND MADRIGALS.—A new series of the elegant entertainments of the London Glee and Madrigal Union is announced to commence on Monday next, at the Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, under the direction of Mr. Land. To suit the growing taste for morning entertainments, performances will be given every morning and on Monday and Friday evenings only.

THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Oxford, Feb. 23, 1860.

Preachers before the University at St. Mary's.

Sunday, Feb. 19. } Morning, Rev. T. Fowler, M.A., Lincoln.
 } Afternoon, Rev. E. L. Davies, M.A., Jesus.
 Friday (St. Matthias), Rev. J. Jenkins, M.A., Jesus.
 } Morning, Rev. H. Lloyd, M.A., Jesus.
 Sunday, Feb. 26. } Afternoon, Rev. A. H. Faber, M.A., New College.

The following appointments have recently been made:—

Public Examiners.
 Rev. H. Wall, M.A., Balliol } In the School of Literæ
 Rev. J. R. T. Eaton, M.A., Merton } Humaniores.
 Mr. C. J. Faulkner, M.A., University, Mathematics.
 Mr. F. T. Conington, M.A. C.C.C., Natural Science.

Moderators.
 Rev. O. Gordon, B.D., Christ Church } Literæ Humaniores.
 Mr. J. Conington, M.A. C.C.C. }
 Rev. J. A. Ashworth, M.A., Brasenose } Mathematics.
 Rev. R. Faussett, M.A., Christ Church }

Examiners for the Hertford Scholarship.
 Rev. J. E. Bode, M.A., Christ Church.
 Rev. J. G. Smith, M.A., Brasenose.
 Rev. N. Pinder, M.A., Trinity.

Mr. J. Batten and Mr. G. S. Cartwright, both Commoners of Balliol, have been elected to Scholarships in that Society. The former gentleman was educated at Shrewsbury, the latter at Rugby.

Mr. H. S. Williamson has been elected to the vacant Nowell Exhibition at St. Mary's Hall.

Mr. J. S. Lipscombe, M.A. of Pembroke College, has been elected to the second mastership of the King's School, Canterbury.

The Rev. G. Beckwith, B.A., of New College, has been elected to a minor canonry in Winchester Cathedral.

Disputations for the degree of B.D. were held on Tuesday and Wednesday, in the Divinity School, the disputants being the Rev. E. C. Lowe, M.A., of Lincoln, and the Rev. A. C. Wilson, M.A., of Christ Church.

Several new forms of Statute are now under consideration. One of these, with regard to proceeding to degrees in Medicine, was promulgated last week, too late, however, to enable us to send any account of it. At the same time a vote was passed that the University seal should be attached to a petition against the abolition of Church rates; and the munificent offer of Miss Burdett Coutts, to found certain scholarships for the encouragement of the study of Geology and kindred subjects, was accepted, and a vote of thanks passed to the Foundress amidst general applause.

On the Statute on Medical Degrees, Dr. Child, of Exeter, contended that the requirements were not of a sufficiently high order, and amendments were moved by the master of Balliol, and Dr. Acland of Christ Church, the Regius Professor of Medicine.

The chief requirements of the Statute, (the amendments to which are now under the consideration of the Council, and which, if adopted, will cause the re-promulgation of the Statute before it can be submitted to Congregation,) are as follows:—"That all candidates for Medical Degrees must have passed all the examinations for the Degree of B.A., and must produce proof of having studied medicine for four years; that all who have passed these examinations may be admitted to the status of Student in Medicine, similar to that of S.C.L.; that those of the Degree of M.A. or B.C.L., may graduate in Medicine on satisfying the Examiners in the Medical School without this form. The medical details of the examination are then given. This examination seems to consist of two parts, four examiners being required for the first part, three for the second, (the Regius Professor of Medicine being always included in both,) who are to be nominated by the Vice-Chancellor out of the number of those who have graduated in Medicine, and approved by convocation. The examinations are not to be like the other examinations, public, all junior members of the University being excluded, excepting such as have passed the necessary examinations for the Degree of B.A. or B.C.L., and have made declaration to the Regius Professor that they are themselves studying medicine. The Degree of Doctor in Medicine

may be taken three years after that of Bachelor on the approbation by the Regius Professor of an essay on some medical subject, approved by him two months previous to its delivery to him. The rest of the Statute consists only of the usual forms &c., for supplicating for, and taking the Degrees and the scale of fees.

Of the statutes to be promulgated this week, one relates to lodging houses in which junior members of the University may be located, the other to the Voluntary Theological Examination.

In the former, it is provided that every person desirous of letting lodgings to juniors, shall be licensed for that purpose, and shall, when licensed, agree to show his license, and the regulations under which it is held, to any student desirous to lodge in his house, to receive no junior as a lodger without the written permission of the head of his college if in term, of the Vice-Chancellor if in vacation; to require no student to stay in his house more than one term; to be himself resident so long as any juniors are in the house; to lock the doors at 9 p.m., and to note the hour (and send the list to the porter of the college or hall of the lodger in time to be inserted in the gate bill), after that time, of the ingress or egress of his lodgers; to report to the Dean, or other appointed college officer, if any such lodger pass the night out of his lodgings; and on no account to allow any key of any outer door to any junior member of the University lodging in the house.

The chief changes proposed in the statute relative to the Voluntary Theological Examination, are, to have only one examination a year instead of two; to dispense with the requirements that those only can receive the certificates of attendance on the lectures of the theological professors who have passed the first school in the final examination; and that candidates in this examination shall have attended four such courses of professional lectures; to carry out more fully the intention of the original framers of the statute, that to pass the examination should in itself be a testimony of praiseworthy proficiency in the study of theology; to give the following privileges to those who distinguish themselves more than sufficiently merely to obtain the certificate, (a.) the title of Student in Divinity ("Studiosus in S. Theologia"), permission to graduate as Bachelor in Divinity four years, as Doctor eight years, after the admission to the Regency in Arts; and to those whom the examiners may report to the Vice-Chancellor as especially worthy of such reward, a grant of theological works, at the expense of the University, to the amount of thirty pounds; to dispense with a regulation by which a failure in the examination would become publicly known; to define in greater detail the subjects of examination, to be determined on partly by the examiners, partly by the candidates; and to allow the examiners to dispense with the *viâ voce* examination at their discretion.

A short account of the valuable Hope Collections has been put forth by the keeper (J. O. Westwood, Esq., M.A.), of which, as their contents are not perhaps generally known, a few particulars may be of some interest.

In the year 1849, the Rev. F. W. Hope, M.A., late of Christ Church, presented by deed of gift to the University of Oxford his Museum of Natural History (more especially Entomology), his library (now containing about 10,000 volumes), and his collection of engravings.

During the period which has since elapsed, additions to a large extent have annually been made by the donor to his gift, in each of its three branches. One portion of the Natural History collection is at present in the Ashmolean Museum, another portion in the unappropriated rooms of the Taylor Institution, where it will remain till removed, with the Natural History portion of Mr. Hope's books and engravings, comprising the finest entomological library in existence, to the New University Museum.

The donation of Mr. Hope, moreover, comprises one of the largest collections of engraved portraits and Topographical and Natural History illustrations ever formed, together with several

thousand volumes, besides those on Natural History, of works on Biography, History, and other subjects.

The collection of Engravings cannot be considered as amounting, at the lowest estimate, to fewer than 200,000, and is contained in 830 Solander cases and 50 portfolios.

The collection of Engraved Portraits is especially rich in the divisions of Royalty, both English and foreign, nobility, clergy, statesmen, naval and military officers, architects, authors, &c. &c., and has been formed as well by the purchase of many smaller collections entire, as by the constant addition of single engravings.

The Topographical Engravings comprise views from all parts of the world, and are arranged in about a hundred and fifty Solander cases, and in twenty-four large portfolios. They include very extensive illustrations of physical geography and geology, with many beautiful original drawings of volcanic action.

The Natural History series contains large collections of all the classes of the animal kingdom, fossil and recent, and includes numerous original drawings by Donovan, Curtis, Spry, and others.

There is, moreover, a considerable number of engravings of a more miscellaneous character, including many by the old masters.

The following Degrees were conferred on Thursday morning:—

Ad Eundem.
 Rev. R. S. Stoncy, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.
 B.D.
 Rev. E. C. Lowe, Lincoln.
 M.A.
 H. F. Vernon, Magdalen.
 W. F. Woolcombe }
 F. W. Oliver } Christ Church.
 Rev. H. Rattle }
 A. M. Allington (Scholar) } Worcester.
 Rev. J. Tarrer }
 M. Noble }
 C. W. Chaplain } Magdalen Hall.
 Rev. W. Hutchins }
 Rev. W. Bullock, St. Mary Hall.
 B.A.
 N. P. Thompson, St. Edmund Hall.

P.S.—Since writing the above, a notice has appeared that the Hebdomadal Council have accepted the amendments, or a portion of them, that were proposed on the Medical Degrees Statute, and that it will be promulgated afresh this week with the other Statutes on the Theological Examination and lodging-house regulations.

We mentioned in a late number the resolution at which the City Commissioners of Oxford have arrived, to postpone their new local Act; and referred to the excitement that prevails upon the subject. It is, in fact, the jealousy of the town against the University that has frustrated for the present a very useful measure, which was coming before Parliament this session. Mr. Carr, who has made himself very conspicuous in the matter, carried the following rhetorical resolution, "That, inasmuch as the proportion of representatives on behalf of the city, as set forth in the contemplated Act, in the estimation of this meeting is inadequate and cannot be entertained, the gentlemen appointed to represent the city, in committee be requested to report this much to the University authorities, this meeting being deeply impressed that the University, as a body, cannot wish to deviate from the ordinary and general principles of custom and practice." This is certainly what the House of Commons would call a reasoning motion, and is essentially in bad taste. The bone of contention is that the University claims to be represented by fifteen commissioners, while the town is allowed twenty. It certainly appears to us that the University have done a very great deal in giving up a strong claim to an equality of votes. Mr. Carr made one good point in his speech. It seems that the bill is drawn with constant reference to ten or eleven preceding acts. The speaker pointed out that the bill was bewildering, that it would require another bill to amend and explain; that this was quite against all present views of consolidating the laws. Surely, however, Mr. Morrell might easily correct this shortcoming. An admission more damaging to his side than that made by Mr. E. T. Spiers cannot be conceived—that this proportion of the representation

might be a fair and just one if the city portion were as united as the University portion; the city portion was made up of discordant elements who would oppose each other. That is to say the University must surrender its claims to atone for the want of good sense and good feeling among the city commissioners. If Mr. Spiers' view of a commissioner is correct, however far the University proportion may be lowered, in all points of wisdom, energy, and influence, the University will be sure of an overwhelming preponderance. Oxford has nearly inaugurated the "slaughter of the innocents" by this bill, "dead before it is born." Several hundred pounds, and the valuable time of valuable men, have been thus sacrificed, to what appears to us, as far as we can at present see, a narrow-minded and ungenerous opposition. A very necessary piece of legislation will possibly be postponed till cholera again rages in our courts and alleys.

ECCLESIASTICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE NEW BISHOP OF ROCHESTER.—The *Times* and general rumour have already appointed a Bishop in place of Dr. Murray, in the person of Dr. C. J. Vaughan, late Head Master of Harrow, and Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen. The probability is that the report is correct. For though Dr. Vaughan is not numbered amongst those from whom Lord Palmerston and Lord Shaftesbury usually fill up the vacant seats upon the Episcopal bench, yet it is not unlikely that the Premier, himself an old Harrovian, should delight to do honour to the late head of his old school. In fact, he has already signified his friendly feeling towards Dr. Vaughan by the prominent part which he lately took in the meeting held in compliment to that gentleman upon his retirement from Harrow. Dr. Vaughan's career at Cambridge was a brilliant one. We find him, on referring to the *Cambridge Calendar*, Craven University Scholar, 1836; Porson Prize-man, 1836 and 1837; Brown's Medallist for Greek Ode and Epigrams, and Members' Prizeman, 1837; and bracketed with Lord Lyttleton as first of the Classical Tripos, and as Chancery Medallist in 1838. Dr. Vaughan is the author of several series of excellent sermons, and of various pamphlets on different political and social questions. With regard to the opinions of the new Bishop, he is generally ranked among those who, since the appearance of Conybeare's article in the *Edinburgh* on "Church Parties," have been designated "broad" Churchmen. We believe him to be a liberal and large-minded man, and his appointment will doubtless do honour to the Government. There has long been a disposition to turn schoolmasters into Bishops. In the present instance it seems probable that the selection will be one to give satisfaction to everybody; yet at any rate some dioceses that we could name have of late years learned from experience the misery of having at their head men unacquainted with the nature of parish duty, and the working of the parochial system.

CONVOCATION.—The late Session of Convocation was brought to a close on Saturday last, when both Houses were prorogued till Thursday the 17th day of June. It has perhaps been the busiest and the most important session held for many years, that is,—with regard to the Province of Canterbury; with regard to that of York, Convocation is still as lifeless as ever.

THE CLERGY AND THE THEATRES.—The Church of England Protection Society has lately submitted to Dr. Phillimore a case which seems to have special reference to the Sunday evening services in the theatres. The case is as follows:—In the parish of A is situated a building in which a series of religious services has been carried on, such services consisting of extempore prayer, the singing of hymns, and a sermon, and being conducted at one time by clergymen of the Church of England, at another time by Dissenting preachers. The rector of the parish objects to these services being conducted by clergymen

within his parish, and appeals, but without success, to the Bishop of the diocese. The opinion of Dr. Phillimore is therefore requested (1) as to whether such services, under such circumstances, are illegal; (2) what remedy the rector has against any clergyman so offending within his parish. The opinion of the learned civilian was (1) that the services could not be legally performed by clergymen of the Church of England within the parish of A, and contrary to the wish of the rector, and that the clergymen so offending are liable to ecclesiastical censure and penalties; (2) that in the event of obtaining no redress from the Ordinary, the rector must apply to the Ecclesiastical Court of the diocese for a citation against the offender; or, if this fail, make a formal application in writing to the Bishop to issue a commission.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

35, Bernard Street, Russell Square, W.C.
Feb. 1860.

Sir,—I should feel extremely obliged if you would record among your minor notes that I am engaged upon a history of the English Hornbook, formerly used in the dame-schools of the country side.

My object in this request is to appeal to your readers for their kind assistance in gathering together the few and widely scattered facts yet existing on the subject. The date at which these hornbooks fell into disuse is one of much interest, and it may be possible that some who read these few lines may be able and willing to afford some information upon the topic.

Any communications, or any hornbooks, which may be forwarded to me for inspection and comparison with those in my possession, may be addressed to me, either at my own residence, as above, or to the care of my publishers, Messrs. Trübner and Co., 60, Paternoster Row, or to Mr. Tegg, of 85, Queen Street, Cheapside. After due examination, they will be duly and thankfully returned to their respective owners.—I am, Sir, truly yours,

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As stated by His ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, in his opening remarks at the meeting held at Willis's Rooms, (on behalf of the Central Association), February 10th, 1859:—

"The object in view, is not to encourage sloth and idleness, not to take to the families of Soldiers who have nothing to do, you need take no care of yourselves, you need not look to your conduct, or to the mode in which you are to gain a livelihood; but the object will be to encourage the honest and hard-working, to obtain employment for such as are in a position to work for their living, and to send the children of the Association to School."

The improved condition and appearance of the children who have been received into the Nursery is most gratifying; with additional means, your Committee hope to extend its usefulness; they therefore commend it to the generous sympathy of all who are interested in the welfare of our brave Soldiers and Sailors, firmly believing that they will cheerfully contribute to the support of an institution which seeks to benefit their Infant Children, a larger proportion of whom die in infancy than amongst any other class, chiefly it is to be feared from the want of proper care and nourishment.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

TO SECURE THE ADVANTAGE OF THIS YEAR'S ENTRY, PROPOSALS MUST BE LODGED AT THE HEAD-OFFICE, OR AT ANY OF THE SOCIETY'S AGENCIES, ON OR BEFORE 1st MARCH.

POLICIES EFFECTED ON OR BEFORE 1st MARCH 1860, WILL RECEIVE SIX YEARS' ADDITIONS AT THE DIVISION OF PROFITS AT 1st MARCH, 1865.

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